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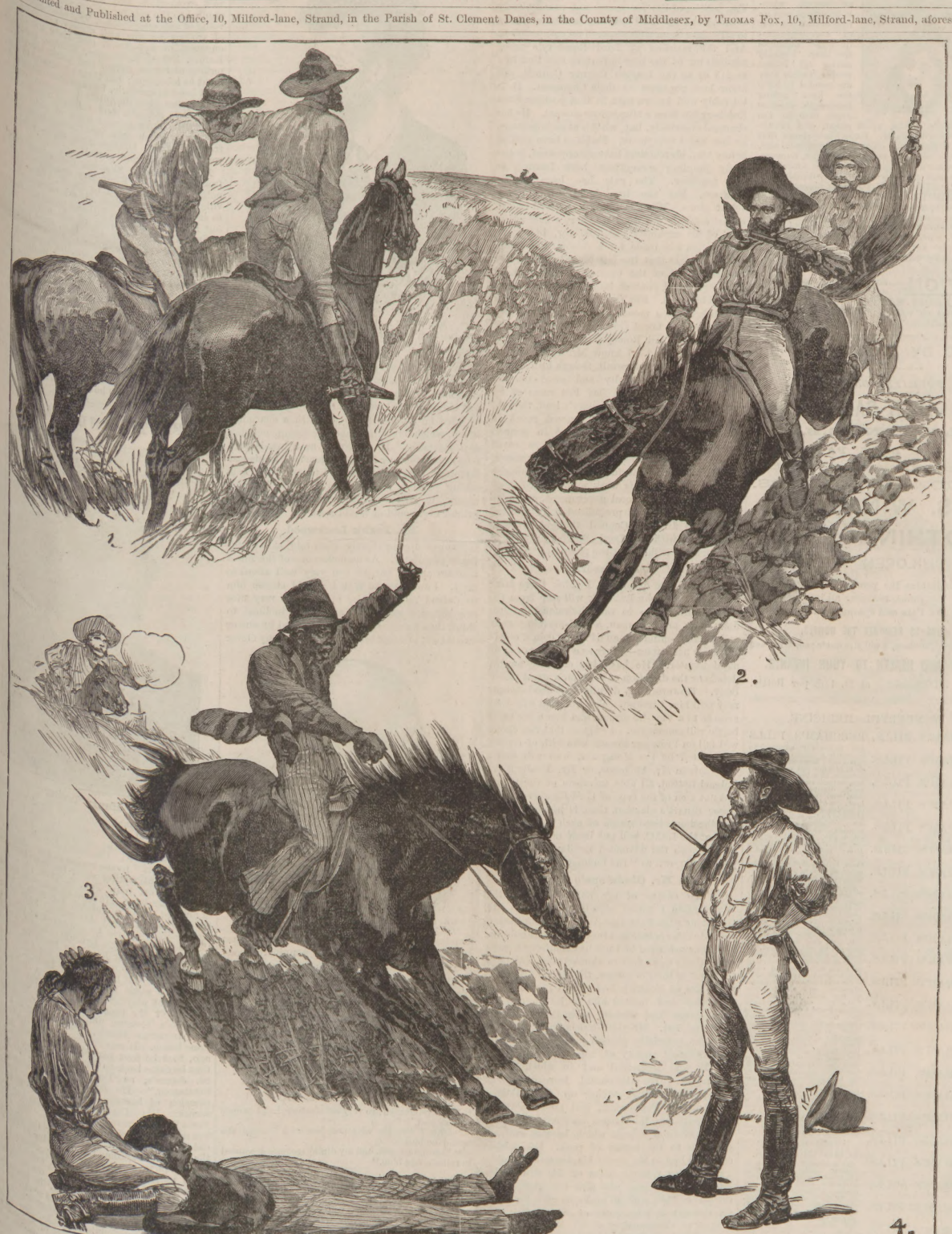

1. "There he goes!" 2. Full Chase—Breakneck Ground. 3. Closing on the Fugitive. 4. "Where has he put the Diamonds?"

CHASE AND CAPTURE OF A DIAMOND THIEF IN SOUTH AFRICA.

HOW TO AVOID
THE
INJURIOUS EFFECTS
OF
STIMULANTS.

The present system of living—partaking of too rich foods, as pastry, saccharine, and fatty substances, alcoholic drinks, and an insufficient amount of exercise—frequently deranges the liver. I would advise all bilious people, unless they are careful to keep the liver acting freely, to exercise great care in the use of alcoholic drinks, avoid sugar, and always dilute largely with water. Experience shows that sugar, pink or chemically coloured sherbet, mild ales, port wine, dark sherries, sweet champagne, liqueurs, and brandies are all very apt to disagree; while light white wines, and gin or whisky largely diluted with soda-water, will be found the least objectionable. ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" is peculiarly adapted for any constitutional weakness of the liver; it possesses the power of reparation when digestion has been disturbed or lost, and places the invalid on the right track to health. A world of woes is avoided by those who keep and use ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"; therefore no family should ever be without it.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Artistic and Literary communications for this Journal should be addressed to the Editor of THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER, and should be accompanied by the name and address of the sender, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

All communications referring to Advertisements, Subscriptions, or General Business to be addressed to the Publisher, THOMAS FOX, 10, Milford-lane, Strand, London.

PERSONAL POLITICS

Lord Rosebery.

THE politics of the recess are not usually lively affairs, but I see Lord Rosebery has been trying to stimulate them with a speech on co-operation. And the mention of Lord Rosebery's name reminds me of the very important fact that in a month or so the London County Council will know him no more as their Chairman. It is tolerably well known that in that position Lord Rosebery has been a stupendous success. He has charmed everybody, but, what is more important, he has ruled everybody. Faddists have quailed before him, obstructives have disappeared, hopelessly jangling committees have learned to pull together. The rule has been kindly in form, but the iron hand was in the velvet glove. What is not quite so well known is that not only was Lord Rosebery's firm assertion of his authority unlooked for, but every preparation was made for a *fainéant* Chairman. It was thought that the late Mr. Firth would be the real head of the Council, and that Lord Rosebery would content himself with the ornamental business. But the Council had not been established three months before Mr. Firth became a kind of Local Government expert to the Council, and Lord Rosebery its active, working, authoritative head. I know Mr. Firth himself was astonished at this result, though he accepted it with absolute loyalty and good-temper. Of course, the Council has lost some of its impetus through Lord Rosebery's lead, though, on the other hand, it has gained much in steadiness, in public repute, and in general popularity, while it has certainly been saved from such blunders as the Macdougall crusade. This is really a wonderful record for a youngish man who went to his work uninstructed in all but the elements of local government, and with a cold and somewhat prejudiced body to work with. At first the Council thought it could easily do without Lord Rosebery: now I wonder what it thinks of the prospect. As for

A Successor,

that is a delicate question. I think there is no doubt that Sir John Lubbock will step from the Vice-Chairmanship to the Chairmanship. Sir John is an amiable man, a well-meaning man, and a public-minded man (if I may coin a word). But he is not strong—either as a speaker or as an administrator. He has little capacity for the details or the direction of work on a great public body. However, his dignity and good-temper may pull him through. The question will then arise as to a Vice-Chairman, and here a big party battle will commence. I suspect that the choice will fall on Professor Stuart, who will, of course, be resisted by the Moderates, who will find a candidate in Mr. Antrobus, or Mr. Boulnois, or Colonel Rotton, all able members of the Board, but not men of the type of Lord Rosebery. Professor Stuart's election, then, is nearly certain, and the immediate result of such a choice will be that the L.C.C. will put itself more definitely in line with the advanced London Liberal propaganda known as "the London Programme."

In Mr. Gladstone's Track.

In the course of my holiday-making this Whitsuntide I found myself following in Mr. Gladstone's tracks in East Anglia. I found he had delighted the people and they had delighted him. The demonstration had not been entirely a party one. Some Conservative shopkeepers had hung flags out of their windows, the highly Conservative Dean of Norwich had shown him over the Cathedral and invited him to lunch, and the local clergy had thrown open their churches right and left. Mr. Gladstone's hosts at Corton had been especially pleased and amused at the extraordinary variety of topics in which the G.O.M. was interested and in which he was an expert. He discoursed learnedly about trees; and finally, taking up a theological book on the Pentateuch, had gone most exhaustively into the Jewish economy, especially the regulations—about which he was enthusiastic—as to the eating of pork. His subject occupied him to the eve of his departure, and he was making copious notes of his discoveries. His physical vigour was also remarkable. He sat bareheaded, with an umbrella over his head, all through a long drive of some miles from Corton to Yarmouth.

Mr. Cuninghame Graham.

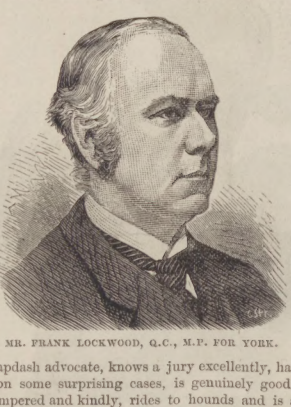
By the way, one of the lesser but still notable figures who are likely to disappear from Parliament after the next election is, I am afraid, Mr. Cuninghame Graham. I hope none of my readers are shocked because I say "I am afraid." I confess to a liking for Mr. Cuninghame Graham. To begin with, he is an entirely honest man; and honest men, on either side of the House, are not quite so plentiful as blackberries. Then he is a wit, though I am sorry to see that his humour is leaving his speeches, and getting more and more into his private talk. That is delightful, fresh, unconventional, suggestive, brilliant, good-humoured. Mr. Graham

MR. R. G. B. CUNINGHAME GRAHAM, M.P. FOR NORTH-WEST LANARKSHIRE.

talks nearly all modern languages perfectly — Spanish, Italian, French. He can ride a bucking horse like any of Buffalo Bill's company. He has seen life in many countries, and is full of vivid and picturesque reminiscences of what he knows. He writes with a charming touch, which ought to make his fortune one day as a journalist. He is as poor as a rat, is perfectly cheerful over it, and is generous to his last farthing. The hardness of English politics is taking some of his brightness away, but not much. He writes an execrable hand, which no printer ever could or would read.

Mr. Frank Lockwood

is going to appear shortly, I am told, as a newspaper proprietor. As he makes one of the finest incomes at the Bar, he can very well afford to do it. I am not sure that I should choose him to defend me in a case requiring a very nice acquaintance with law, and I am inclined to think that as a pleader he is surpassed by one or two men of less reputation. But he is a very clever



MR. FRANK LOCKWOOD, Q.C., M.P. FOR YORK.

slapdash advocate, knows a jury excellently, has won some surprising cases, is genuinely good-tempered and kindly, rides to hounds and is a great sportsman, and is beloved by his colleagues, the junior Bar, the House of Commons, and society in general. Mr. Lockwood is noted for the instantaneous thumb-nail sketches with which he interleaves his briefs. He tells and loves a good story, and is the author of many a *bon mot* which has set a hundred tables in a roar.

THE SCENE-SHIFTER.

WOULD NEVER DO.

"YOUR references are very satisfactory, but I cannot engage you."

"May I inquire why not, Madam?" asked the would-be butler.

"Your hair is red, and my dining-room is decorated in robin's-egg blue."

"YOU make me tired," said the waggon-wheel to the blacksmith.

The French Derby, which will be run for at Chantilly next Sunday, is likely to attract more English sporting people than usual; for not only is Baron de Rothschild's Heaume, who is the reigning favourite, trained at Newmarket, and to all intents and purposes an English horse, but this year it will be easy for those who are bound for Epsom to get back to London the same night.

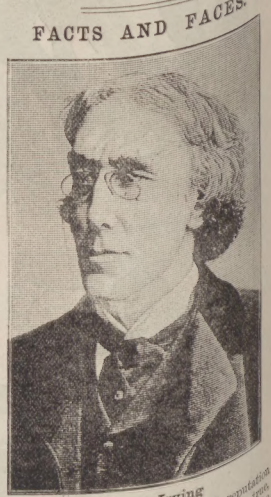
"DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND!"

DIAMONDS are trumps, and no mistake, this year in London, as anyone may judge who will visit the Opera on a Royal night, and gaze upon the flashing gems which adorn our most charming Princesses and the Society belles of the season. No fear of the demand for diamonds being less than the supply yet awhile!

The Kimberley Diamond Mines of the Cape Colony, including also those of Du Toit's Pan, Old De Beers, and Bultfontein, extend over an area of six square miles in a barren and dreary country, formerly called West Griqualand, where at least thirty thousand people have been collected since 1870, and costly machinery, in vast excavations and artificial waterworks, is applied to the getting of precious stones to the value of millions sterling, year after year. Men of various nations and classes are constantly engaged in this work, and large numbers of Kaffirs, Zulus, Bechuanas, Basutos, and other natives of South Africa find profitable employment as labourers; but their propensity to steal, or at least to smuggle, by taking diamonds without a license, gives the authorities frequent trouble. Sometimes, when a dark-skinned "runner" has unlawfully appropriated a lot of diamonds, he mounts a horse and rides away towards the frontier of the Orange Free State, where he would be safe from pursuit.

In the amusing Sketches that appear on our front page, two Kimberley detective officials, police are represented by Mr. R. Caton Woodville, with characteristic vigour, as giving chase to such a fugitive over hill and plain, and following him in a breakneck plunge down a rocky ravine, till they close with him, seize him, and pull him down, after which he is conveyed to jail. It is very likely that, on searching his clothes, not a single diamond can be discovered, for he will have swallowed all when he felt himself in danger of capture. The police and prison authorities, perhaps with the aid of a medical officer, then begin to "prospect," as the phrase is, for the extraction of diamonds from his body. In one case, we are told, a man so treated was made to yield two diamonds on the first day, one on the second, and twenty-four the third day; but he took a pride in assuring the superintendent that "There's lots more, Baas;" evidently relishing in the number he had swallowed.

FACTS AND FACES.



Mr. Henry Irving

has more than maintained his great reputation at the Lyceum this season. He has, it is true, been seen mainly in melodrama. But how he plays melodrama! He raised the old-fashioned "Dead Heart" to the region of pure tragedy. A singularly interesting career has been that of this famous actor, born Feb. 6, 1838, at Keinton, near Glastonbury. He went for a time in the office of an East India merchant, but soon, after a few amateur efforts he appeared as Orlando on the stage filled his mind, and after a few amateur efforts he appeared as Orlando on the stage for the first time at Sunderland. "Richelieu" at the Lyceum Theatre, Sunderland. Mr. Irving has been heard to say, that there was a "happy omen" in the name of this theatre, and so it has proved. In 1857, at Edinburgh, he made a great advance, having the privilege of playing with some of the first performers of the time. In 1859 he went to the Princess's Theatre, under the management of Mr. Augustus Harris, father of the present Lane lessee. It was in Manchester, thirty years ago, that he first played Hamlet, and in 1871 that he came back to London and played at the St. James's, as Doricourt in "The Belle's Stratagem." He gave the first strong impression of his subsequent power in "The Two Roses" was a revelation to London playgoers, but not until November 1871, in "The Bells," did he give the fullest scope for the display of that he would become the first actor of the day. What a picture gallery of stage-portraits he has given us since! The dignified, sad Charles I., the effervescing Jeremy Diddler, the weird Macbeth, the doomed Eugene Aram, the magnificent Richelieu, the dreamy Hamlet—approaching nearer to the true conception than any modern actor — the passionate Othello, the crafty Richard III., the caustic Philip of Spain, the gay life and dramatic force to the Laureate's rather mechanical play! Louis XI., Jingle, Charles Melnotte—what a variety! and, lastly, Robert

Landry; and now, to wind up the season, that complete and most charming of personages, Dr. Tomasse. M. Jules Claretie, who wrote a long descriptive article in *La Presse*, spoke in enthusiastic terms of Mr. Irving. Never, probably, has an English actor been so warmly praised before. Mr. Irving told M. Claretie that he always wished to impersonate one of the most remarkable characters of the French Revolution—that of Camille Desmoulins. But the drama introducing that personage which was produced in London was too much a one-part play. Not many actor-managers would have been so self-denying. And Mr. Irving is an artist as well as an actor, and knows that a stage-picture should be enhanced by other important figures.

Miss Ellen Terry.

Mr. Irving's regular season at the Lyceum closes (Saturday) evening; and all London will be interested in the benefit of Miss Ellen Terry, who will once more play one of her most exquisite characters, Olivia, originally performed at the Court Theatre, March 30, 1878. Seldom has a finer example of acting been seen on any stage than her Olivia. I was present on the first night, and well remember the extraordinary sensation it created. The exquisite tenderness with which Olivia took leave of her family touched all hearts and brought tears to many eyes. There was something in the tones of her voice, combined with delightful art and sweetened by complete sympathy with her part, that could never be forgotten. It was moving in the extreme, and the great scene at the inn, where Olivia, betrayed and insulted, thrusts, by main force, her seducer away from her, has, to my thinking, never been surpassed—perhaps never equalled—on the modern stage. It was fully up to the most "inspired moments" of Sarah Bernhardt, with the additional advantage that the conception was part and parcel of the entire character, and not an isolated outburst. What pleasant hours Ellen Terry has given us in Pauline, as a child, she played in "The Winter's Tale," in 1856! Some of her earlier efforts were in genre comedy, and I never know in which I like her best. Her laugh makes one happy to hear, but then how deeply we are moved by her tears! Never were characters so antagonistic as Beatrice and Leah, Portia and Ophelia; and at the Lyceum I have seen her pass from an artistic point of view, for Macbeth some think "too womanly." Very few modern playgoers have seen her as the heroine of Tennyson's "Queen Mary" and "Ours." She raised the homely character to high tragic importance. But her Olivia! There's an inspiration indeed. Nothing could be finer. Never was there such an Ophelia, I firmly believe! Never was there such a Portia! Read the character, think of it, learn it by heart, and then you will discover that Miss Ellen Terry has given new meaning, new poetry, to this most poetical creation. But, as a character between the extremes of comedy and tragedy, and partaking of both, you can hardly see Miss Terry to greater advantage than as Olivia; and at the Lyceum I have revived one of the sunniest memories of my theatre experience in her perfect rendering of that most human and lovable character.

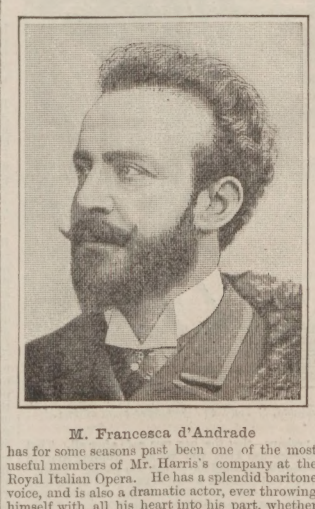
The Prince and Gymnastics.

With the Prince of Wales, Mr. Herbert Gladstone, M.P., Lord Meath, and numerous other aristocrates of physical education, I had the pleasure of joining cordially in the applause which deservedly greeted the lissom gymnasts who opened the athletic ball at the Agricultural Hall on Monday evening. Impossible to witness the admirable precision, ease, and dexterity of the young exercises, to note the skill and grace of those young men who twirled round the horizontal bar, to mark how over the "flying horse," or performed the graceful and musical drills, without feeling assured that the National Physical Recreation Society (lucky, indeed, to have Colonel Malet Lambert as Honorary Secretary) is doing its best to secure that soundness of body without which soundness of mind cannot be secured. The Prince was so deeply interested in what he beheld that he promised to visits the Agricultural Hall this week a treat. With such judicious promptitude does Colonel Onslow manage the gymnastic performances that there is not a dull moment during the evening, excitement reaching the culminating point when the lively boxing and football matches are supplemented by the stirring fire scene.

THE PROMPTER.

MUSIC & THE DRAMA

THE palmy times of Royal Italian Opera are revived, grace to the Napoleonic enterprise and energy of Mr. Augustus Harris at Covent-Garden. Exceptionally brilliant as the fashionable house was on the opening night, the magnificent auditorium was not less dazzling on the evening Wagner's "Lohengrin" was performed so splendidly. Never have diamonds flashed from the necks and coiffures of grandes dames in greater profusion than on this memorable "Lohengrin" night. From plump Queen Isabella of Spain to the Countess of Mayfair, all were ablaze with costly gems. The performance justified the attendance. Take it all in all, it was the best representation of Wagner's seductive legendary opera I have witnessed. That best of modern tenors, M. Jean de Reszké, made an ideal Lohengrin. He both looked and sang the part to perfection. He was mated with an incomparably grand King in his brother, M. Edouard de Reszké. Those accomplished brothers (of whom I shall have something more to say next week) have a gifted sister who has won renown as a soprano in Poland. If she is as talented as her brothers are, she would be welcome indeed in London. It was a happy thought on the part of Mr. Harris to cast that ethereal young Scottish prima donna, Miss Margaret McIntyre, as Elsa, for she embodied the imaginative and poetical side of Elsa's nature to the life, and threw herself with exemplary earnestness and thoroughness into the part. With Madame Fursch-Madi and Signor D'Andrade in the other leading rôles, and with the fine mounting of the opera Mr. Harris has accustomed us to, "Lohengrin" delighted everyone. I must also compliment Miss Ella Russell for the brilliancy of her singing as Leila in Bizet's "Pearl Fishers," and congratulate this captivating prima-donna on the good voice she is in. She was energetically supported by Signor Valero, a new tenor, as Nadir, and by M. Dufriche as Zurga, and the terpsichorean features were in the best of taste. Sig. Mancinelli conducted both "The Pearl Fishers" and "Lohengrin," which have been succeeded by "Il Trovatore," a repetition of "Faust," and "Les Huguenots"; Mdlle. Etelka Gerster being announced for Thursday in "La Sonnambula."



M. Francesca d'Andrade

has for some seasons past been one of the most useful members of Mr. Harris's company at the Royal Italian Opera. He has a splendid baritone voice, and is also a dramatic actor, ever throwing himself with all his heart into his part, whether he plays in "Les Huguenots" or "Carmen," "Rigoletto" or "Lohengrin." Would that all operatic artists were similarly enthusiastic and capable from a histrionic point of view! Like many other great singers, M. D'Andrade is descended from a noble family. He is the son of a lawyer in Lisbon. He studied music under Miraglia in Milan, and also under Ronconi, and made his first appearance at San Remo as Amanasro in "Aida." He was to be heard soon after singing in "Il Trovatore" with the famous Italian tenor, Tamagno, and each year increased his popularity in opera by gaining richly merited laurels in Italy, Spain, Portugal, Russia, and Germany. He achieved great success last year at Kroll's Theatre, in Berlin. This led to his re-engagement in the autumn, and to a tour in the German provinces. D'Andrade is, in fine, so accomplished an artist, and is so devoted to his art, that he is deservedly a great favourite in whichever capital he sings.

Most notable of recent matinées was the Adelphi performance of Mr. Robert Buchanan's mythological play "The Bride of Love," which was so favourably received that Mr. Horace Sedger is anxious to run it at the Lyric till the provinces claim Miss Ada Cavendish. This proved a musical dramatic poem of signal merit, the music being composed by Dr. A. C. Mackenzie and Mr. Walter Slaughter, the clever composer of "Marjorie." In "The Bride of Love" that talented and favourite actress Miss Ada Cavendish — far too long absent from the stage—met with an enthusiastic reception, which evidently stimulated her to deliver the stern lines of Aphrodite with the greatest possible artistic effect. In a word, Miss Ada Cavendish imbued the part with that touch of Nature which is the triumph of Art. Mr. Thalberg, the handsome Eros, would have done well to have studied the fine elocution of Miss Cavendish, then he would not have clipped his words and bitten his sentences as he did in the early acts. When this intelligent and rising young actor got into the full fling of his love-making with the beauteous Psyche, he improved materially. The third act was the most dramatic of the piece. It was here that Miss Letty Lind, personification of the poetry of motion, danced her seductive measures as Euphrosyne, and here that some of the most charming verse was spoken, such as this gem from the lips of Psyche:—

Thus is Love born—
Not with long coaxing like a hothouse flower,
But instantaneously—a happy star
That bursts to life, and finds itself in heaven!
I saw his eyes—they kindled light in mine!
I heard his voice—the music of my dreams!
I took his hand, I fell upon his heart;
And, pillow'd there, I knew it was my home!

Enjoying the advantage of being acted in its two principal parts by Miss Ada Cavendish and Miss Harriet Jay, "The Bride of Love" went admirably. The sparkling "Puck"-like Eridon of sprightly Miss Clara Jacks, the vivacious Hyla and Creusa of Miss Frances Ivor and Miss Ada Ferrar, and the Lycas and Atalantos of Mr. Bassett Roe and Mr. Leonard Outram were also praiseworthy, as were the low-comedy and mirth-moving efforts of Mr. Lionel Rignold to assume the lightsome character of Zephyros.

A sincere admirer of the sterling abilities of Mr. H. A. Jones as a dramatist, and one who was prompt to praise all his successes from "A Clerical Error" to "The Middleman," I regret I cannot join in the chorus of lavish laudation bestowed upon his new play at the Shaftesbury, called "Judah." As one tries to avoid dull and dismal people in real life, so I should imagine personages who are usually dull and dismal on the stage ought, at least, to fail to attract. I confess that the wholly inexplicable passion of the Rev. Judah Llewellyn for that artificial and artful and quite unnatural heroine Vashti Dethic, the pseudo-fasting healer of the sick by animal magnetism, had no charm for me. Approaching, indeed, the ridiculous seemed the attempts of her swindling father surreptitiously to convey food to her while incarcerated in the Norman Keep, and watched in turns by the devoted Judah and the sceptical Professor and Miss Jopp. It said much, indeed, for the remarkable popularity of Mr. Jones and Mr. Willard with the great body of "first-nighters" that this ticklish second act (relieved only by the drily humorous love-making of the philosophic Juxon Prall, deftly done by Mr. F. Kerr), closing with Judah's barefaced lie, escaped hissing. The undeniable strength of the last act, in which the gruesome Judah confesses his sin, but clings to the uncanny girl of his choice, and seeks expiation in surrendering the church Lord Asgarby has built for him, and in beginning the battle of life again lugubriously with his wife, had much to do with the extraordinary enthusiasm which greeted Mr. Willard and his excellent company, and Mr. Jones also, at the fall of the curtain. So much said with regard to the play, I unite in hearty praise of the acting of one and all. Mr. Willard's skill and earnestness made the faults of Judah appear almost virtues; Miss Olga Brandon looked bewitchingly like a martyr as the deceptive Vashti Dethic, while the Dethic of Mr. Royce Carleton is one of the best things that useful actor has ever done; the Lady Eve of Miss Bessie Hatton is a charming bit of girlish acting; and the character creations of Mr. Sant Matthews as Professor Jopp, of Mr. F. Kerr as the cool Juxon Prall, and of Miss Gertrude Warden as Sophie Jopp are throughout admirable impersonations.

After "Judah," farcical comedy will be found to be as absolutely indispensable as jam is after a powder. Go and laugh at "A Pair of Spectacles" or "The Cabinet Minister," or drop into Toole's and be amused by "The Bungalow" and the new curtain-raiser from the smart pens of the clever writers who collaborate as "Richard Henry." Probably the funniest matrimonial matches ever invented are those which are ingeniously brought about, causing much diversion in "Richard-Henry's" farce of "Adoption," which is humorously enacted by Miss Marie Illington and Mr. R. Stockton, Miss Cicely Richards and Mr Compton Coutts, Mr. A. Balfour (*not* the Irish Secretary, though) and Miss Mary Jocelyn—a strong cast for a lively little piece.

While favouring the new Tivoli Music Hall with a visit, don't neglect old favourites. The Oxford and Pavilion are particularly attractive; and so is the Royal, where Mr. Athol Mayhew's funny skit on Stanley has caused much laughter.

Grateful for the many pleasant evenings he has spent in the playhouse, the Prince of Wales loses no opportunity of testifying his kindly feeling to the theatrical profession. Remembering the numberless hearty laughs provoked by the broad humour and unfailing good-humour of the late Mr. Buckstone at the Haymarket, the Prince, with alacrity, it may be certain, accorded his influential patronage to Miss Lucy Buckstone on the occasion of her benefit at the Vaudeville (why not the Haymarket, scene of her father's chief triumphs?) on May 29. Another benefit eminently deserving public support is that for which Mr. Augustus Harris has generously offered the free use of Drury-Lane Theatre next Monday afternoon. Then a strong committee (of whom Mr. Alfred Gibbons, of the *Lady's Pictorial*, is the hon. treasurer) will provide an extremely attractive and diversified benefit on behalf of the benevolent gentlewoman the widow of Mr. E. L. Blanchard, the veteran dramatic critic and pantomime-writer. Mr. Clement Scott has written a sympathetic poetical address, aptly referring to Mr. Blanchard's lifelong services as the Christmas Poet Laureate of the children. The gentle spirit of the comrade we mourn will, peradventure, bless those who, remembering the pleasant hours of pastime for which they were indebted to Mr. Blanchard, help to lighten the burden cast upon his widow by subscribing liberally to the Blanchard benefit at Drury-Lane.

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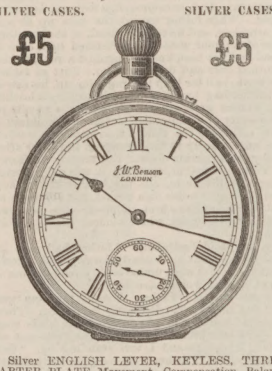

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ARMOREL OF LYONESSE.

A ROMANCE OF TO-DAY.

BY WALTER BESANT.

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CHAPTER X.

MR. FLETCHER RETURNS FOR HIS BAG.

HALF an hour later the blinds were down, the fire was brightly burning, the red firelight was merrily dancing about the room, and the table was pushed back. Then Dorcas and Justinian came in—the two old serving-folk, bent with age, grey-headed, toothless—followed by Chessun—thin and tall, silent and subdued. And Armorel, taking her violin, tuned it, and turned to her old master for instructions, just as she had done on the first and every following night of Roland's stay.

"'Barley Break,'" said Justinian.

Armorel struck up that well-known air. Then, as before, the ancient dame started, moved uneasily, sat upright, and opened her eyes and began to talk. But to-night she was not rambling: she did not begin one fragment of reminiscence and break off in the middle. She started with a clear story in her mind, which she began at the beginning and carried on. When Armorel saw her thus disposed, she stopped playing "Barley Break," which may amuse the aged mind and recall old merriment, but lacks earnestness.

"'Put on thy smock o' Monday,'" said Justinian.

This ditty lends itself to more sustained thought. Armorel put more seriousness into it than the theme of the music would seem to warrant. The old lady, however, seemed to like it, and continued her narrative without interrupting it at any point. Armorel also observed that, though she addressed the assembled multitude generally, she kept glancing furtively at Roland.

"The night was terrible," said the ancient dame, speaking distinctly and connectedly; "never was such a storm known—we could hear the waves beating and dashing about the islands louder than the roaring of the wind, and we heard the minute-gun, so that there was little sleep for anyone. At daybreak we were all on the shore, out on Shark Point. Sure enough, on the Castinicks the ship lay, breaking up fast—a splendid East Indiaman she was. Her masts were gone and her bows were stove in—as soon as the light got strong enough we could see so much; and the shore covered already with wreck. But not a sign of passengers or crew. Then my husband's father, who was always first, saw something, and ran into the water up to his middle and dragged ashore a spar. And, sure enough, a man was lashed to the spar. When father hauled the man up he was quite senseless, and he seemed dead, so that another quarter of an hour would have finished him, even if his head had not been knocked against a rock, or the spar turned over and drowned him. Just as father was going to call for help to drag him up, he saw a little leather bag hanging from his neck by a leather thong. There were others about, all the people of Samson—fifty of them—men, women, and children—all busy collecting the things that had been washed ashore, and some up to their waists in the water after the things still floating about. But nobody was looking. Therefore father, thinking it was a dead man, whipped out his knife, cut the leather thong, and slipped the bag into his own pocket, not stopping to look at it. No one saw him, mind—no one—not even your father, Justinian, who was close beside him at the time."

"Ay, ay," said Justinian, "if father had seen it, naturally"—— But his voice died away, and Roland was left to wonder what under such circumstances a native of Samson would have done.

"No one saw it. Father thought the man was dead. But he wasn't. Presently he moved. Then they carried him up the hill to the farm—this very house—and laid him down before the fire—just at your feet, Armorel—and I was standing by. 'Get him a cordial,' says father. So we gave him a dram, and he drank it and opened his eyes. He was a gentleman—we could see that—not a common sailor: not a common man."

Here her head dropped, and she seem to be losing herself again.

"Try her with a Saraband," said Justinian, as if a determined effort had to be made. Armorel changed her tune. A Saraband lends itself to a serious and even solemn turn of thought. As a dance it requires the best manners, the bravest dress, and the most dignified air. It will be seen, therefore, that to a mind bent upon a grave narrative of deeds lamentable and fateful, the Saraband, played in a proper frame of mind, may prove sympathetic. The ancient lady lifted her head, strengthened by the opening bars, which, indeed, are very strong, and resumed her story. Armorel, to be sure, and all her hearers, knew the history well, having heard it every night in disjointed bits. The Tale of the Stolen Treasure was familiar to her: it was more than familiar, it was a bore: the Family Doom seemed unjust to her: it disturbed her sense of Providential benevolence: yet she threw all her soul into the Saraband in order to prolong by a few minutes the waking and conscious moments of this remote ancestress. A striking illustration, had the others understood it, of filial piety.

"But I was standing close by father," she went on—"I was beside him on the beach, and I saw it. I saw him cut the throng and slip the bag into his pocket. When he came to himself I whispered to father, 'There's his bag: you've got his bag in your pocket.' 'I know,' he said—rough. 'Hold your tongue, girl.' So I said no more, but waited. Then the man opened his eyes and tried to sit up; but he couldn't, being still dizzy with the beating of the waves. But he looked at us, wondering where he was. 'You are ashore, Master,' said father. 'The only one of all the ship's company that is, so far.' 'Ashore?' he asked. 'Ay, ashore: where else would you be? Your ship's in splinters: your captain and your crew are dead men all. But you're ashore.' With that the man shut his eyes and lay quiet for a time. Then he opened them again. 'Where am I?' he asked. 'You are on Samson, in Scilly,' I told him. Then he tried to get up again, but he couldn't. And so we carried him upstairs and laid him on the bed."

"He was in bed for nigh upon six weeks. Never was any man so near his latter end. I nursed him all the time. He had a fever, and his head wandered. In his rambling he told me who he was. His name was Robert Fletcher—Robert Fletcher," she repeated, nodding to Roland with strange significance. "A brave gentleman, and handsome and well-mannered. He had been in the service of an Indian King; and, though he was only thirty, he had made his fortune and was bringing it home, thinking that he would do nothing more all his life but just sit down and enjoy himself. All his fortune was in the bag. When he recovered he told me that the last thing he remembered, before he was washed off the ship, was feeling for the safety of his bag. And it was gone. And he was a beggar. Poor man! And I knew all the time where the bag was and who had it. But I could not tell him. If father sinned when he kept the bag, I sinned as well, because I knew he kept it. If father was punished when his son was drowned, that son was my husband, and I was punished too."

She stopped, and it seemed as if for the evening she had run down, but Armorel stimulated her again and she went on, looking more and more at the face of the stranger that was in their gates.

"While he lay ill and was like to die, father was uneasy—I knew why. He wanted him to die, because then he could keep the treasure with a quiet mind. 'All's ours that comes ashore,' that's what we used to say. He never confessed his thoughts—but I, who knew what was in the bag, guessed them very well.

"The stranger began to recover, and father fell into a gloomy fit, and would go and sit by himself for hours. Nobody dared asked him—for he was a man of short temper and rough in his speech—what was the matter with him, but I knew very well. He was gloomy because he didn't want to lose that bag.

"You," she cried, pointing her long skinny finger at Roland, "You! oh! you have come at last."

But the man got better, and at last quite well, and one morning he came down dressed in clothes that father lent him, because his own were ruined in the washing of him ashore, and he bade us all farewell. 'Captain Rosevean,' he said, very earnestly, 'when I left India I was rich: I was carrying all my fortune home with me in a small compass, for safety, as I thought. I was going to be a rich man, and work no more. Well—I have escaped with my life, and that is all. If I were not a beggar I would offer you half my fortune for saving my life. As it is, I can offer you nothing but my gratitude."

"So he shook hands with father, who stood as white as a sheet, for all he was a ruddy-faced man and inclined to brandy. 'And farewell, Mistress Ursula,' he said. 'Farewell, my kind nurse.' So he kissed me, being a courteous gentleman. 'I shall come back again to see you,' he said; 'I shall surely come back. Look to see me some day, when you least expect me.' So he went away, and they rowed him over to the Port, and he sailed to Penzance. Father went to his own room, where the treasure was. And my heart sank heavy as lead. The more I thought of the wickedness the heavier fell my heart. There was father and his son, my husband, and myself and my own son not yet born. The Hand of the Lord would be upon us for that wickedness. I ought to have cried out to the stranger before he went away that his treasure was safe and that we were keeping it for him. But I didn't. Then I tried to comfort myself. I said that when he came again I would give him back the bag, even if I had to steal it from father's chest.

"It was a long time ago—they are all gone, swallowed up by the sea—which was right, because we stole the treasure from the sea. He never came back. I looked for him to come after my husband was drowned, and after my son went too, and my grandson—but he never came again as he promised. And at last, at last"—her voice rose almost to a shriek, and everybody jumped in his chair; but Armorel continued to play the Saraband slowly and with much expression—"at last he has come back, and we are saved! All that are left of us are saved. Armorel, my child, you are saved. Your bones shall not lie rotting among the sea-weed: your flesh shall not be devoured by crabs and conger-eels: you may sail without fear among the islands. For he has kept his promise and has come back."

Then she rose—she, who had not stood upon her feet for three years—actually rose and stood up, or seemed to stand: the red light, playing on her face, made her eyes shine like two balls of fire. "You," she cried, pointing her long skinny finger at Roland. "You! oh! you have come at last. You have suffered all that innocent blood to be shed: but you have come at last." She sank back among her pillows, but her finger still pointed at the stranger. "Sir," she said now, with tremulous voice, "you are welcome. Late though it is, Mr. Fletcher, you are welcome. When you came a day or two ago I wondered, being now very old and foolish, if it was really you. Now I know. I remember, though it is nearly eighty years ago. You are welcome again to Samson, Mr. Fletcher. You find me changed, no doubt. I knew you would keep your promise and come again some time or other. As for you, I see little change. You are dressed differently, and when you were here last your hair was worn in another fashion. But you are no older to look at. You are not changed at all by time. You would not know me again. How should you? I suppose you knew—somebody told you perhaps—that the bag was safe after all. That knowledge has kept you young. Nothing short of that knowledge could have kept you young. I assure you, Sir, had I known where to find you I would have taken the bag and its contents to you long, long ago. And now you are come back in search of it."

"It was eighty years ago!" Dorcas whispered to Chessun, shuddering. "He must be more than a hundred!"

"A hundred years!" returned her daughter, with pallid cheeks. "It isn't in nature. He looks no more than twenty. Mother, is he a man and alive?"

"Pretend that you are Mr. Fletcher," whispered Armorel. "Do not contradict her. Say something."

"It is a long time ago," said Roland. "I should have kept my promise much sooner. And as for that bag—you saved my life, you know. Pray keep the bag. It has long been forgotten."

"Keep the bag? Do you know what is in it? Do you know what it is worth? That, Mr. Fletcher, is your politeness. We, who have suffered so much from the possession of the bag, cannot believe that you have forgotten it, because if we have suffered for our guilt you must have suffered through that guilt. Else there would be no justice. No justice at all unless you have suffered too. Else all those lives have been wasted and thrown away."

The old lady spoke with the voice and firmness of a woman of fifty. She looked strong: she sat up erect. Armorel played on, now softly, now loudly. The serving-folk looked on open-mouthed: the women with terror undisguised. Was this gentleman, so young and so pleasant, none other than the man whose injury had brought all these drownings upon the family? Nearly eighty years ago that happened. Then, he must be a ghost! What else could he be? No human creature could come back after eighty years still so young.

"When I said, Madam," Roland explained, "that I had forgotten the bag, what I meant was that after losing it so long I had quite abandoned all hope of finding it again. I assure you that I have not been here in search of it. In fact, I thought it was by no means at the bottom of the sea, where so many other treasures lie."

"It is not at the bottom of the sea, Mr. Fletcher. You shall have it again, to-morrow. You are still so young that you can enjoy your fortune. Make good use of it, Sir, and do not forget the poor. You have counted the contents again and again, I dare say. You are not things that wear out and rust, are they? Such as moth and the worm cannot destroy that treasure. No, no. You must often have laughed to think that no. You will be very pleased to have it back."

"I shall be very pleased indeed," he echoed. "To have my treasure again."

"Face and voice unchanged." The old lady shook her head. "And after eighty years. It is a miracle, yet not a greater miracle than the Vengeance which has pursued this house so long. This strange crime has been visited upon the third and fourth generation. 'Tis time that punishment should cease. At last—cease at last! I must tell you, Mr. Fletcher," she went on, "that when my husband was drowned and my father-in-law died, I took possession of the bag and everything else. I took nothing to my son. Why? Because, until the owner of the stolen bag came back, the curse was on him and his children. No—no; I would not have him know. But I knew very well what would happen to all of them. Oh! yes: I knew. And I waited. But he was happy, and his son and his grandson and his great-grandson, until they all were drowned, one after the other. And still you stayed away."

"Madam, had I known, I would have returned fifty years ago and more, in time to have saved them all."

"You might have come sooner, Sir, permit me to say, and so have saved some." It was wonderful how erect the old lady held herself, and with what firmness and precision she spoke.

"There is now only one left—the child Armorel. To-morrow, Sir, you shall have your bag again. Once more you are our guest: this time, I hope, you will leave a blessing instead of a curse upon the house."

At this moment Armorel ceased playing. Then this ancient lady stopped talking. She looked round: her eyes lost their fire: her face its expression: her mouth its firmness: she fell back in her pillows, and her head dropped.

Dorcas and Chessun rose and carried her to her own room. The old man got up, too, and shambled out. Armorel pushed the table into its place, and lit the candles. The incident was closed. In the morning the old lady had forgotten everything.

"Almost," said Roland, "she has made me believe that my name is Fletcher. Shall I to-morrow morning ask her for the bag? Armorel, it is a true story. I am quite certain of it."

"Oh, yes, it is true. Justinian knows about the wreck, though it happened before he was born. Fletcher was the only man saved of all the ship's company—captain, officers, crew, and passengers—the only one. He was rescued by Captain Rosevean himself and brought here. He had the bedroom which you sleep—the bedroom which was my brother Emanuel's room. Here he lay ill a long time, but recovered and went away."

"And the bag?"

"I know nothing about the bag. That has gone long ago, I suppose, with all the money they say people made by smuggling and by piloting. I have seen her watching you for some days past: I thought she would speak to you last night. To-morrow she will have forgotten everything."

"I suppose I have some kind of resemblance to Mr. Robert Fletcher, presumably deceased. Well, then, Armorel, this is a fortunate evening. The faithful one has come back—I have brought it back. The Admiral one said so, and you are saved. She may call me any name Fletcher—call me Tryeth—call me Penhaligon—call me Tryfleyth—if she only calls me him who arrived in time to save you, Armorel."

CHAPTER XI.

ROLAND'S LETTER.

Roland went away. Like Mr. Robert Fletcher, he promised to return, and, like her great-great-grandmother, her great-great-grandmother, her great-great-grandmother,

brought it across for her. He had wrapped the unconsidered thing in brown paper for fear the spray should fall upon it. Armorel drew it forth from its coarse covering and gazed upon it with the wonder of a child who gets an unexpected toy. She read over the address a dozen times: "'Miss Rosevean'—look at it, Dorcas—'Miss Rosevean'—look you cannot read! 'Miss Rosevean'—what a pity you cannot read! 'Miss Rosevean'—he might have written 'Armorel'—Armorel of Samson, Scilly.' Of course, it is from Roland. No one else would write to me.' Then she opened it carefully, so as not to injure any part of the writing—indeed, Roland possessed that desirable, but very rare, gift of a very beautiful hand. No scribe of the Monastery: no scrivener of a later age: no Arab or Persian scribe, could write a more beautiful hand. It was a hand in which every letter was clearly formed, as if it made a picture of itself, and every word was a Group, like the Eastern Isles to be admired by the whole world.

The letter began—the London portion conceding much—with a pen-and-ink sketch of the writer's head. If it was just a little idealised, who shall say? This was delightful. Armorel had no portrait of her friend. What would follow after such a beautiful beginning? Then the writing began, and Armorel addressed herself seriously to the mastering of and the meaning of the letter. It took some time to record the fact, but Armorel read handwriting slowly. Consider. Since she left school she had read none: while at school she had seen little. People easily forget such a simple thing, though we who write all day long cannot understand how a man can forget how to write. Yet there are many writing-men who cannot read handwriting, nor can their wives, to use either accomplishment, and so have readily forgotten it—a fact which shows the profound wisdom of the school boards in teaching it freely. Armorel could read the letter, but she read it slowly.

The sentence, when she read it first, sentence by sentence, a really beautiful letter—regarded as a letter in the abstract. After she had read it two or three times over, and had mastered the whole document, she began to understand that the writer of it was not the man she remembered, not the man whose memory she loved and cherished, not at all her friend Roland Lee. All the old *camaraderie* was gone. It was cold and stiff. She called it brotherly? The letter of another man altogether. It was a letter that never known Roland to be cold. Where was the sympathy which formerly flowed in magnetic waves from one to the other? Where was the tenderly interest—she called it brotherly? The writer spoke, it is true, with gratitude overwhelming, of his stay on the island and her hospitality, but—how gracious! Armorel wanted no thanks. His stay had made her happy: he knew that—why should he take up a page and half in returning thanks to her when her own heart was full of gratitude to him? He said that the three weeks he spent among the islands had been a holiday which he could never forget—this was very good, so far, but then he spoiled all by adding that he should not readily forget—"readily forget" he wrote—his fair companion! What had fairness to do with it? Armorel had been his pupil, he taught her all day long. She did not want to be considered his fair companion: that was mockery: she expected he would have gone straight to her or his dear sister. But worse—far worse—was to follow. He usually spoke of the possibilities of their never seeing each other again, the world (outside Scilly) being so very wide. Then he would never to meet again! And he had promised to return: he had faithfully promised: however, he had only to take the steamer from Penzance: Samson Island would not sail away. Why did he rather say when he was to be expected? Worst of all he spoke of her forgetting him. Oh! how could she forget him? As for the rest of the letter, the paternal advice to continue in the path of industry, there could be no clergyman in the pulpit could speak more soundly: but these things touched not the girl. What she wanted was affection rather than wisdom, even though she understands, or has, at least, been told, that Wisdom delivereth from the way of the Evil Man.

Armorel at length laid the letter down with a sigh and a tear. She kept it in her pocket for some days, and read it every day; but with increasing sadness. Finally, she laid it in a drawer where were all the sketches, fragments of illustration, and outline drawings which Roland had given her. She could read it no longer. She would wait till Roland came back, and she would ask him what it meant. Perhaps it was the way of the world to be so cold and so constrained in letter-writing.

Roland came a box with the letter. It contained a large number of books—selected by Captain Wedges Rogers had left Alexander alone with Jean Fernandez and gone home to make up a parcel of books intended to show him the wider world. There were also drawing materials, colours, brushes, pencils, books of instruction, and books of music. Roland the Fashionable—the London part of Roland—neglected nothing that might be solidly serviceable to the young person. Observe here, one of those black lines of ignorance already spoken of in this girl of lonely Isles. She did not know that an answer to the letter was absolutely necessary. In the London studio the writer sat wondering why no answer came. He had been so careful, too: not a word which could be misunderstood: he had been so very, very careful. And yet no reply.

Armorel sat down and tried to tell Armorel that she must not be cold. She made several attempts. But she could not write anything that satisfied her. The coldness of the letter chilled her. She wanted to write as she had talked with him, all out of the fullness of her heart. How could she write to this cold, stiff, strange creature? How could she write to this London man who laughed and made her laugh, sang and made her sing, made pictures and had no secrets from her: it was a strange man who wrote to her and signed the name of Roland Lee. The real Roland would never have hinted at the possibility of her forgetting him, or at the chance of their never meeting again. The real Roland would have written to say when he was coming again. She could not reply to this impostor.

Therefore, she never answered that letter at all; and she got no more letters. It was a pity, because, had Roland written what was in her mind, for very pity he would have returned to her. Once, and then only, the voice of Roland came to her across the sea with a changed voice. He spoke no more. But he would come again. He said he would come again. Every day she sat on the hill beside the barrow and gazed across the Road. She could see the pier of Hugh Town and the vessels in the Port: perhaps Roland had come over from Penzance by the morning steamer, and would shortly sail across the Road and leap out upon the beach and run to meet and greet her, with both hands outstretched, the light of affection in his eyes, and the laugh of welcome in his voice. She was graver and more silent than before: she did not sing so often as she walked among the ferns: she did not prattle to Chesuin and Dorcas, while she made her cakes and puddings. But nobody noticed any change in her: the serving-women, if they observed any, would have said only that Armorel was growing into a woman already.

The autumn changed to winter. Roland would not come in winter, when the sea is stormy and there is little sunshine. She must wait now until spring. Meantime on Samson, where are no trees except these wizened and crooked little trees of the orchard, there is not much to mark the winter except the cold wind and the short days. Here there is never frost or snow, hail or ice. The brown turf is much the same in December as in August, the dead fern is not so yellow, the dead and dying leaves of the bramble are not so splendid. The wind is colder, the sky is more grey: otherwise winter makes little difference in the external aspect of this archipelago. When the short days begin, the brown fields of the flower-farms clothe themselves with the verdure of spring: before the New Year has fairly set in, some of the fresh delicate flowers have been already cut and laid in the hot-house to be sent across to Covent-garden. The harvest of the year begins with its first day, and they reap it from January to May.

There are plenty of things on such a farm for a girl to do. Armorel did not, if you please, sit down to weep. But she daily recalled with tender regret every one of the pleasant days of that companionship. She kept her promise, too: she read something every morning in the books which Roland had sent her: every afternoon she had attempted to carry on the drawing lesson by herself: she practised her violin diligently: and every evening she played the old tunes to the old lady and awakened her once more to life and memory. There was no change, except that everything now was coloured by what he had said. She was to grow to her full height—he had told her how—but at present she hardly saw her way to carrying out those instructions. Her full height! Ignorant of the truth—since such a girl grown to her full height would be so tall as to be out of all proportion, not only to Samson, but even to St. Mary's itself.

Sometimes one falls into the habit of associating a single person with an idea, a thought, an anticipation, a place. Whenever the mind turns to this thought, the person is present. For example, there is a street in London which I have learned, from long habit, to associate with a second-hand bookseller. He was a gentle creature, full of reading, who had known many men. I sometimes sat at the back of his shop conversing with him. Sometimes a twelve-month would pass without my seeing him at all. But always when I think of this street I think of this old gentleman. The other day I passed through it. Alas! the shutters were up: the house was to let: my gentle friend was gone. Armorel associated her future—the unknown future—with Roland. Suppose that when that future should be the present she should find the shutters up, the house deserted, the tenant dead!

The harvest of the flowers was well begun: the boxes piled in the hold of the steamer merrily danced in the roll of the Atlantic waves as the *Lady of the Isles* made her way to Penzance: in London the delicate narcissus and the jonquil returned to the dinner-tables and stood about in glasses. Roland Lee bought them and took them home to his studio, where he sat looking at them, reminded of Armorel—who had never even answered his letter. Perhaps the flowers came from Samson. Why did the girl send him no answer to his letter? Then his memory went back to that little island with its two hills, and its barrows, and the quiet house—and to the girl who lived there. On what rock of Samson was she sitting? Where was she at that moment? Gazing somewhere over the wild waste of waters, the wind blowing about her curls, and the beating of the waves in her ears. She had forgotten him. Why not? He was only a visitor of a week or two. She was nothing but a child—and an ignorant farmer-girl living in a desert island. Ignorant, Roland? That was not the word. He saw her once more standing in the middle of the room, the ruddy firelight in her eyes and in her cheeks, playing "Singleton's Slip" and "Prince Rupert's March," while the Ancient Lady mopped and mowed and discoursed of other days. And again: he saw her standing on the beach when he said farewell, the tears in her eyes, her voice choked. Then he longed again, as he had longed then, to take her in his arms, even in the presence of Peter the boy, to soothe and kiss her and bid her weep no more, because he would never, never leave her.

So strong was the impression made upon this young man by this child of fifteen that, after six months spent in the society of many other girls, of charms more matured, he still remembered her, and thought of her with that kind of yearning regret which is perilously akin to love. An untaught, ignorant girl, whose charm lay in her innocent confidence, her soft black eyes, and the beauty of the maiden emerging from the child, could hardly make a permanent impression on a man of the world, even a young man of only twenty-one. The time would go on, and the girl would be forgotten, except as a pleasant memory associated with a delightful holiday. An artist is, perhaps, above his fellows, liable to swift and sudden changes: his mind dwells continually on beauty: all lovely girls have not black hair and black eyes. Apollo himself, the god of artists, loved not only all the nine Muses and all the three Graces, but a good many Nymphs and Princesses as well—such is the artistic temperament—so catholic is its admiration of beauty.

(To be continued.)

AUNTIE'S LESSON.

NELLIE: "But I don't like strawberries this time of year, Auntie. I'd rather wait a month, until they are sweeter and better."

AUNTIE: "Yes, I dare say you would prefer to wait until they are hawked about the streets. Well, child, if you do not like sour berries now better than sweet ones when they are to be had by the commonest sort of people, you are sadly lacking in the first elements of exclusiveness."

"CLEANING SILVER."—All difficulty in keeping silver, electro-plate, &c., untarnished and with a brilliant polish, may be obviated by using GODDARD'S NON-MERCURIAL PLATE-POWDER. Sold everywhere, in BOXES, 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. Five gold medals awarded.—[ADVT.]

PICTURESQUE "BIT" IN ITALY.

AN ITALIAN PILGRIMAGE.

BY A PILGRIM FROM TOYNBEE HALL.

[LAST LETTER].

CONTINUING our delightful holiday tour, we pilgrims from Toynbee Hall, Whitechapel, next rushed southward down the rocky valley of the Ticino, its stream fed by innumerable delicate rills, and, as the Alps are left behind, olives and vines come into view. Bellinzona, with its three picturesque castles, the lovely lakes of Lugano and Como, are passed, and we are actually in beautiful Italy, and speeding across the plain to Milan. Here we could not linger, except to see that marble gem the Cathedral, in the moonlight. The more energetic of the party saw it again next morning at five o'clock, when its two thousand statues, each one a work of art, spoke eloquently of the ages and influences which inspired the work.

* * * * *

Again we are on the way, watching the distant mountains, the changing fields, and last, but not least, the people. The burly monk, the swell officer and the far from humble private, the priest, the country woman and the peasant lad, proud of his gorgeous red umbrella, all these figures are strikingly characteristic of the district, and remain distinctly impressed on our memories. The scene changes, and the train threads rocky ravines and passes through the hills enclosing Genoa. The trees now indicate the Sunny South; we catch sight of oranges growing in the open-air, and, soon afterwards, of the deep blue of the Mediterranean, "the sea of civilisation." But we cannot stay to admire the city and the harbour. Our train is presently skirting the seashore, and every few minutes running into a tunnel, to emerge again directly for a glimpse of beautiful sea on one hand and of little valleys or gorges glorious with Southern vegetation on the other.

* * * * *

A wise spirit prompted us to stop at Sestri Levanti, where our arrival created no small commotion, and the rumour got about that we were Buffalo Bill and his troupe. In consequence, we were as much objects of interest to the children and the old women of the place as they were to us. They crowded round the hotel, peered into the windows, and watched us at dinner with as much delight as children at a gratuitous circus procession. The little town gave us a good insight into Italian life. Its narrow streets led down to a lovely bay formed by a rocky promontory crowned by an old castle, surrounded by leafy walks, the raw material for a paradise.

* * * * *

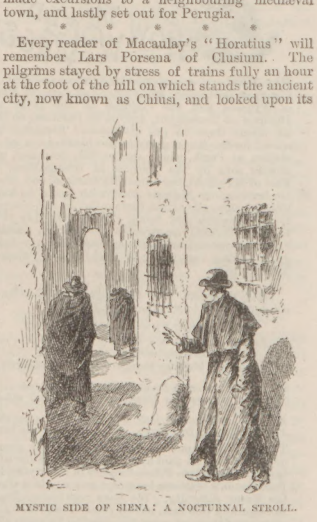
The next morning a hurried breakfast of hard bread, figs, and black coffee was reckoned sufficient preparation for a long journey by the sea, past Spezzia and the marble quarries of Carrara to the plain around Pisa. Needless to say, we saw as much as possible in our limited time of the Cathedral, the Leaning Tower, the Baptistery, and the Campo Santo.

* * *

But we were due at Siena, and, accordingly, night found the whole party safely housed in different palazzos of that old-world city. Some, more venturous than others, strolled out to explore the narrow winding streets, and returned with fearsome accounts of fortresses and dungeons on every hand, and cloaked figures strongly suggestive of the heroes or villains of melodrama. As for the Cathedral, which was intended to be the grandest in Italy, the Palazzo Publico, or townhall, with which the Sienese hoped to outdo their Florentine rivals, the churches and pictures of Siena, are they not all described in many books? Let it suffice to say that the Toynbee students saw everything that could be seen in four days, made excursions to a neighbouring mediæval town, and lastly set out for Perugia.

* * * * *

Every reader of Macaulay's "Horatius" will remember Lars Porsena of Clusium. The pilgrims stayed by stress of trains fully an hour at the foot of the hill on which stands the ancient city, now known as Chiusi, and looked upon its



MYSTIC SIDE OF SIENA: A NOCTURNAL STROLL.

walls, some portions of which may go back to the time when Lars Porsena set out to conquer the infant city, afterwards to become the mistress of the world.

* * * * *

Then all were excited as we skirted the shores of "reedy Thrasymene," and passed over the now peaceful slopes of the hills where the terrible Hannibal routed the Romans and slaughtered fifteen thousand of their bravest soldiers.

* * * * *

In the afternoon we are in Perugia, and looking over the valley of the Tiber towards the snow-covered Apennines. Suddenly a storm sweeps down from the mountains, and Assisi, just now shining brilliantly white at the foot of Monte Subasio, is hidden from our sight. Grand

WAITING FOR THE TRAIN NEAR MILAN.

purple clouds fold and swim over the plain, which is here and there hidden by falling rain or flecked with sunshine, and so the elements in battle pass in solemn procession down the valley, forming new combinations of beauty and grandeur every minute. "Does it not remind you of Turner?" asks a young artist. What a tribute to the genius of the painter it is to compare his work with the reality!

The Toynbee people were mindful of the lessons taught by the old artists here. Churches, picture galleries were all explored, and even the slums outside the walls made to yield their picturesque aspects for our satisfaction.

* * * * *

Excursions were made to ancient Etruscan tombs and to Assisi, famous as the scene of the birth and labours of St. Francis. There the pilgrims of all creeds and of none could agree to do homage to the memory of a noble enthusiast, who loved the birds as if they were his children, and to whom every living thing was dear. The frescoes of the churches built in his honour still appeal to all cultured souls, as well as to him who, "even when he prayed, would turn from grizzly saints and martyrs hairy, to the sweet portraits of the Virgin Mary."

But the ancient streets are almost deserted: the Temple of Minerva, now a chapel dedicated to Santa Maria, might almost as well be left to its ancient worshippers. A few shrines at street corners are going to decay, though the lamps are still lighted.

* * * * *

The Toynbee pilgrims considered themselves fortunate in gaining so much insight into ancient life, and in having a day at Florence, "the city of flowers and the flower of cities," and another day on the lake of Como. The time came for a last fond look at Italy and the Alps, and we turned homewards with minds enriched with wider knowledge of the earth and the works of man, and stored with impressions of beauty which time may dim but cannot efface.

HOW THE WORLD WAGS

HER MAJESTY, accompanied by Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg and Prince and Princess Henry of Prussia, and the children of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, arrived at Balmoral on May 23, about three in the afternoon. Breakfast was served for the Royal party in the board-room of the station at Perth, which was prettily decorated with flowers sent by the Marquis of Breadalbane, the Earl of Mansfield, Sir James Richardson, and others. On leaving, her Majesty took with her a basket of lilies-of-the-valley from Pitfour Castle, and bouquets from Taymouth and Scone Palace. On May 24 the Queen celebrated her seventy-first birthday; and on Sunday Princess Christian completed her forty-fourth year, having been born at Buckingham Palace on May 25, 1846.

Walt Whitman sent the *Pall Mall Gazette* the subjoined lines to print on May 24:—

FOR QUEEN VICTORIA'S BIRTHDAY.

An American arbutus bunch, to be put in a little vase, on the Royal breakfast-table, May 24, 1890.

Lady, accept a birthday thought—haply an idle gift and token,
Right from the scented soil's May-utterance here
(Smelling of countless blessings, prayers, and old-time thanks),
A bunch of white and pink arbutus, silent, spicy, shy,
From Hudson's, Delaware's, or Potomac's woody banks.

The venerable American poet sent with the above a note, in which he paid a tribute to the wisdom of the Queen and the late Prince Consort in modifying Lord Palmerston's bellicose language and conduct during the Trent difficulty. We have particular pleasure in recording this fact, as the *Penny Illustrated Paper* was one of the very, very few English journals which opposed the impolitic action of the Palmerston Government throughout the early part of the American Civil War.

Prince Albert Victor is to take his seat in the House of Lords as Duke of Clarence and Avondale and Earl of Athlone.

The Prince of Wales visited the National Silk Exhibition in St. James's-square on May 23. The same day the Princess of Wales, accompanied by Prince Albert Victor and Princesses Victoria and Maud, presented, at the Guards' Industrial Home, the prizes gained by the girls of the institution.

While the Prince of Wales was enjoying himself on Whit Monday at Kempton Park and at the Agricultural Hall, the Princess of Wales was recuperating, with Prince Albert Victor and Princesses Victoria and Maud, at Sandringham.

The Prince of Wales and the Duke of Cambridge are patrons of the great athletic meeting of the troops of the Garrison of London, including the Household Cavalry and the Foot Guards, which is to be held at the Guards Recreation Ground, Burton's Court, Chelsea, on Friday and Saturday of this week.

The King of the Belgians (who paid a birthday visit to the Queen at Balmoral) left Charing-cross on Monday afternoon for Brussels, travelling viâ Dover and Ostend.

The Queen (according to "Atlas," in the *World*) returns to Windsor during the last week in June—probably on Wednesday, the 25th—and will then stay at the castle for about three weeks before going to Osborne till the end of August.

The remaining Court functions of the season will consist of two State Concerts and a State Ball at Buckingham Palace, two Levées (held by the Prince of Wales) at St. James's Palace, and an investiture of the Bath, St. Michael and St. George, and the Indian Orders at Windsor Castle, which will be held by the Queen.

The Marlborough House garden-party (says "Atlas") will be given early in July, before the Queen leaves Windsor, in order that her Majesty may be present at it. The Prince and Princess of Wales intend to give a ball towards the close of the season.

Prince and Princess Christian will have a large party at Cumberland Lodge during Ascot week, including the Duke and Duchess of Teck and Princess Victoria, Lord and Lady Bradford, and Lord Calthorpe.

The really interesting person at the State ball was Queen Isabella of Spain, who looks as unlike a Spaniard as possible, and who bore some resemblance to the stout, elderly American women who occasionally come to England. Neither her dress nor jewels were remarkable, and she looked somewhat mystified and bored. She left directly after supper, and the Prince and Princess accompanied her to the top of the staircase, where the Royal ladies took leave of her, the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh accompanying her to the door.

Princess Christian, on May 24, opened the Free Art Exhibition, Morley Hall, Waterloo-road. The Exhibition has been got up by the members of the Women's University Settlement in Southwark.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught (who left Vancouver's Island on May 23) will sail for Quebec on the Royal Mail steamer Sardinian on June 12.

Mr. Bassano has had the honour of submitting to the Prince of Wales his picture, "The Cambridge Banquet," of the dinner given to the Duke of Cambridge on Nov. 4, 1887, by the military members of the United Service Club, to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of his Royal Highness's entry into the Army.

The Crown Princess of Denmark was delivered of a daughter on May 23.

Queen Isabella of Spain witnessed the performance of "Lohengrin," at the Royal Italian Opera, on May 23.

The French Ambassador and Madame Waddington on May 24 left London for France, in order to be present at the marriage of the daughter of M. Richard Waddington, his Excellency's brother.

The Marquis of Salisbury left town on May 23 for Hatfield; and Mr. W. H. Smith joined his yacht, the Pandora, at Southampton for a cruise about the Channel.

Mr. Gladstone, though staying for the recess at Hawarden Rectory, has been busily engaged in transferring books from the library at Hawarden Castle to the new library which he intends to present to the villagers.

Dr. G. Danford Thomas held an inquest on May 23 at St. Pancras Coroner's Court on the body of Florence Varney, aged twenty-five, a married woman, who on Wednesday was shot dead at the public-house of her father, the Victory Tavern, Clarence-road, Kentish Town, where she acted as barmaid. Thomas Harding, aged thirty, a builder, of 20, Haverstock-hill, a married man, who is charged with wilfully murdering the deceased, and also with an attempt to commit suicide, was represented by Mr. Freke Palmer, solicitor. Evidence was given by the father and mother of the deceased, the servants in the house, and the medical man who was called in, and the jury returned a verdict of wilful murder against Harding.

A series of three performances of "Black-Eyed Susan" burlesque gave much pleasure at the Officers' Club House at Aldershot Camp. The officers acquisted themselves admirably, and to the evident enjoyment of their brothers in arms, and also their sisters and their cousins and their aunts, who filled the little theatre to overflowing on each occasion, making it appear like a fashionable drawing-room. A *P.I.P.* Artist was there. Specially noticeable among the characters were the William of Mr. H. B. Jones, R.E., who has a very pleasant voice; the Shaun O'Ploughshare of Captain Berkeley Quill, noted for his good-humour; the Hatchett of Mr. W. Gay, R.H.A., applauded for his excellent characterisation; and the Dolly Mayflower and Susan of Mrs. Finlay and Mrs. G. M. Onslow, both remarkable for their vivacity. Much credit was due to the excellent stage-managers, Colonel G. M. Onslow and Captain H. W. Broadley, the latter of whom made an excellent Dame Hatley.

Mrs. Wood, the widow of the late popular writer on Natural History, the Rev. J. G. Wood, receives a pension of £50 from the Civil List, we are glad to hear.

President Carnot was warmly welcomed at Montpelier and Besançon on Saturday and Monday.

The Secretary for War last Saturday, at Lincoln, opened a drill hall, presented to the Volunteers of that city by Mr. Ruston.

The garrison and Volunteers in the neighbourhood of Dover engaged on Tuesday in some operations, in which a Naval force in the Channel co-operated.

From Liverpool we have news of a sad occurrence. Early last Sunday morning a man named Spicer, while living apart from his wife in Richmond-street, New Brighton, cut the throats of two of his five children while asleep. He afterwards attacked his wife at a restaurant which she managed in the Victoria-road, but, although terribly wounded, she escaped from his further violence by jumping through the bed-room window. Jealousy is said to have led to the crime.

GETTING RID OF CHAPPIE.

(WHAT HE SAYS.)

"IT's the queerest thing, you know. I called on that Miss Hankinson of Harlem last night, and that Chubb was there. I hadn't been in the room ten minutes, when Chubb offered to bet Miss Hankinson that I couldn't go down to the battery and back in two hours. She took the bet, and I started. I did it in an hour and forty minutes; but when I got back to the house Chubb had gone home, and Miss Hankinson had retired."

UNFORTUNATE.

SHE: "I'd like to have this gold-headed cane engraved with a monogram of my husband's initials."

He: "What is the name, please?"

She: "Isaac Henry Saunders."

He: "Well—er—unless you're rather High Church, won't that monogram look a little peculiar?"

QUICKLY ARRANGED.

OLD MILLION: "What? Want to marry my daughter? Why, the child is hardly out of school dresses yet. She needs a mother's care as much as ever, Sir!"

Young Poorchap: "Oh, that's all right. I'll live here."

PENSIONS, LIKE KINGS, NEVER DIE.

PENSION AGENT: "Want a pension, eh? What's your claim?"

Fiend: "Waal, my grandfather was the third husband o' the widow of a veteran of 1812, an' as near as I can figger it out, there ain't no one but me left to represent the old lady's claim."

THE RACING WORLD

"The Life of a High-mettled Racer."

brought down to date from Dibdin's days, would generally make happy contrast with the libellous veracious sketch put on record by our fence-dissembler best friend. Not to follow the steps of description seriatim, till the once pet of a stable-division miserably a victim of overlonding and bridal fever, one may confidently assert that the lowest rung of this ladder is not accessible. Ill-treatment in flesh, such as was quite matter of course in bygone time, is guarded against by humane societies and public opinion. Also by that most powerful of agents for good or ill,

Money.

Money makes the mare (or horse) to go. The high value attaching to any decently bred thoroughbred, available for stud purposes, when not fit for racing, ensures good treatment, if only from the most selfish point of view. But, all the same, many a beautiful casualties incidental to training and racing. Ringer furnishes a case in illustration. A beautiful animal, blessed in good ownership and training, Ringer looked like having a fine career as a racer, and had a happy years of what, I suppose, might be called domestic felicity, seeing that a breed mare is so carefully tended at the stud. Last Friday Ringer herself at exercise. The accident appeared trifling, but its consequences were dreadful. The poor creature hurt her spine so that the paralysis behind seat of injury were paralysed, and she was shot to save further suffering. Hope of getting her to stand at all was well-nigh abandoned at once, but it was generally understood that she could not be trained for the Derby, so her dropping out did not affect that market much.

As I predicted would be the case, the consequence who invent stories to suit their

Bulling and Bearing

operations have been organising opposition to Surefoot, with intent to get good prices about Mr. Merry's colt. People who really wanted to bet odds on Surefoot were advertising willingness to lay odds. Much may happen between my writing and the issue of the race, so I hope that much may be forgiven me should the unforeseen occur, meanwhile, to inject no deduction.

Surefoot,

so far, has gone well in training, and done all asked of him in racing, which last, it may be observed, is not very much, seeing how badly Le Nord and Blue Green—who followed him home in the Two Thousand Guineas—cut up, if, that is to say, you take them at latest form at its worst. I should be sorry to argue than objection of this sort was not reasonable, or then

Surefoot Beat Le Nord in Grand Style

when meeting him on a course better suited to Rothschild's colt than the Newmarket Rowley Mile and-a-quarter. Again, if Blue Green Stable paltry show behind Marion in the Payne Stakes, must allow lots for the Kingsclere colt's terrific hard race behind Memoir. Besides, age is always certain to go wrong in such cases as the Surefoot

ELLIMAN'S

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ELLIMAN'S for Stiffness.

1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d.

ELLIMAN, SONS, and CO., Slough, England.

KEATING'S POWDER.—Kills Bugs, Flies, Moths, Beetles, and all Insects (perfectly unrivalled). Harmless to everything but Insects. Sold in Tins, 6d. and 1s.—[ADVT.]

TO DARKEN GREY HAIR.—LOCKYER'S SULPHUR HAIR RESTORER is the quickest, best, safest, and cheapest. Large Bottles, 1s. 6d. Everywhere.—[ADVT.]

Le Nord, Blue Green, and Co., when the winner simply canters. I do not see how we get a form for

Surefoot Within a Stone.

His ought to beat all he beat before, directly or collecterally, and if he does not do so I shall go down where he does. That being my opinion, I need not go into length into pros and cons. between the Eclipse champion and his rivals. He has been lucky to Right Away's going wrong at a time when Congrave in his work meant forfeiting chance of Derby. But, after all, Sainfoin is probably better than Mr. Low's beautiful colt.

One cannot help smiling at recollection of Lewes where John Porter did not fancy Sainfoin, and sent a better-liked stable companion with him. No one pretty proportioned candidate than Sainfoin will go to the post next Wednesday. He is so well built that you hardly guess how big he really is till you get alongside of him.

A Sweeter Mover

is seldom seen, and for action he will probably take the palm in the Derby field.

Le Nord is put right out of consideration, but her stable companion, the wonder Heaume, who lately has come on Epsom Downs. She is a handsome chestnut colours on Epsom Downs. She is a handsomer horse than Le Nord, and a better stayer into the bargain. If anyone is to effect a surprise—that is to say, upset the two favourites Heaume was the most likely animal, but he is, I learn, amiss, and may not be out for some time. Very little profit is to be made out of Derby backing now, because so much is generally known of the horses' condition, &c., right up to the last. My

First Tip on the Derby

is, Let it alone. Wait till you get in the know on the racecourse, and then put your money down. You will probably find, every now and then, a moral certainty at three or four to one in a field of five or six, a little plate, which will suit you much better than risking money on a Derby, where

All the Starters are Trying.

If you must bet, stand the favourite despite the painful odds, and have on Sainfoin. I fully expect him to be first and second. Heaume, with a run, is sure to be third. Investment, and, given all straight, I shall look to the judges placing the first pair—

Surefoot	... ...	1
Sainfoin	... ...	2

It is with fear and trembling that I deliver my Derby tip, although I recommended Surefoot for the Two Thousand twelve months or so ago. I am full of confidence in the Derby form, but accidents do happen. With the Oaks candidates upsets are more frequent still. Yet if there were only sure of Signorina being the real Signorina she ought to be, I should approach the ladies' race with plenty of confidence. What is more, I would back her for a one-horse selection were she in the Derby. But, unfortunately, the Chevalier's beautiful filly Simon mare has been amiss for weeks, and, though getting straight in health, is out of form. At her best, which may be at Doncaster, she will

Want all the Beating

Surefoot, Memoir, Semolina, or any intermediately bred Derby champion can give, or try to give, her. Personally, I am afraid to go for her at all for the Oaks. If my choice lay between Semolina and Memoir—singularly, all three are by St. Simon—I would go for the Chevalier Gunstrellis's filly, given the Italian fit and eligible, but the is not. The Duke of Portland has two strings to his bow—and

Such Strings!

Memoir is not a stayer; but we do not need a stayer to win the Oaks course, so long as a racer can get up the hill at the finish. She has a grand stride, and will get down the hill well. As for Semolina, I shall not see her in her being able to beat Memoir, if she can see her merits, till I see her beat Signorina. All the same, this is a rare and big little creature, who over and over again has shown in how splendidly she can struggle on. She and Spite, two-year-old record most brilliantly; however, though still winner of the One Thousand and Oaks, has the undoubted fact that she was only beaten a head by Memoir, who was so much better than she and Memoir came out at the Oaks Signorina—and it is with true regret, I would far rather see the big prize of Italian sportsman, who as an owner is much of consideration for his horses, than to the Duke of Portland, who wins so much, and has more than his share of luck. Still, I am bound to work on considerations, and to these I must suggest that the great business will be to

Follow the Duke of Portland

in the Oaks, and, I may add, make his St. Serf a winner in the Grand Prize of Epsom.

THE WORLD OF PASTIME

Cricket.

The first appearance of the Australians in London was, of course, the event of last week in the world of sport, and that the matches already played in the country had not in any way diminished the curiosity was clearly indicated by the large crowds which thronged Kennington Oval on the first day of the match. There was, of course, much to see. There was a greeting for the captain,

W. L. Murdoch,

who once before was so heartily cheered on the same ground on the occasion of that historical victory of Australia over England by

Seven Runs.

The great Australian batsman in his very first match showed us that he had not forgotten much of his old form, though in last week's match against Surrey, which included the old Surrey bowlers were all treated alike—not excepting the wicket-keeper, J. M'C. Blackham, who figured in

Every Team

that Australia has sent to England, carried away the honours with the bat, his 75 being made in less than an hour by a display of slashing hitting, in which the Surrey bowlers were all treated alike—not excepting the boundary. Blackham has done anything better than this in England, and the spectators were not slow in acknowledging the fact as he returned to the pavilion, in spite of the great difference his innings made to the

The public was, of course, also anxious to see what the

Six New Faces

in the team were like. They were not all playing, but this fact has proved no impediment to our Artist. Of the four who were engaged in the match, two did quite their

Full Share

with the bat, if not a trifle more, Barrett making 37 and Walters 53, not out; while Charlton was, of course, played for his bowling. But it was not his day, Ferris and Lyons being the most successful bowlers for the visitors. Ferris, indeed, seems to be going steadily ahead of Turner, so far as capturing wickets is concerned.

Speaking of bowling, the Australians think very highly of young Sharpe's bowling, and Turner—no mean judge, it will be granted—on being bowled by one of the little man's specialties went out of his way to congratulate him. This action is indicative of the true cricketing spirit. The distance the players are from the spectators prevents one from hearing what goes on, or we should hear many funny things. To onlookers it seems as though the whole proceedings were mute; but this is far from being the case.

In the first innings Walters got rid of W. W. Read by a good catch, Trott dismissing Abel by another. For the other side, Key's fielding was, as usual, noticeable.

One personage was, of course, in great form, and this was

Craig the Poet,

whose figure is now very familiar at the Oval and elsewhere on the occasion of great cricket and football matches. His doggerel verses on the occasion are scarcely up to Laureate standard; but he sells

quantities, nevertheless, and is a great favourite, his broad north-country accent and unfailing good-humour accounting for this. When England was winning on one occasion he said, "Ah, you're all looking very pleased to-day, but a've seen ye look verry different to thaat," at which there was, of course, a good laugh, and away went several copies of his verses. Craig has a happy knack of never obtruding himself, although one always knows he is present, and one never feels that he is interfering with one's enjoyment of the match. I should doubt his making a very large income, but that he is satisfied with it is clear from his continued presence at matches.

The match was as good as over on the Friday night, the Australians, with a whole innings to come, having only 79 runs to get to win. Had rain fallen in the night some fun might still have been seen, but the wickets were run-getting ones, and the Australians won one of the most important of their county matches by eight wickets. Surrey's second innings of 156 was, of course, very disappointing, as they had a lovely wicket to play upon.

The Australians met with defeat in their turn at the beginning of the present week. Yorkshire beat the visitors by seven wickets at Sheffield on Tuesday. Unless the game of cricket suddenly changes its nature entirely, the Australians will have their ups and downs, but I expect to see them come out at the end much as their six predecessors have done.

Kent v. Glo'ster.

In spite of a magnificent innings by W. G. Grace of 109 (not out) for Gloucestershire, which made two innings of over 200 each, Kent defeated the county by five wickets at Maidstone. Gloucestershire were, it must be remembered, without Woof, whose slows are very valuable, and Messrs. Brain, Page, Pullen, and Townsend were also not in the eleven: so, really, the stand made was an excellent one, as Kent was much better represented. E. M. Grace made a very successful appearance with his lobs in the first innings, clean bowling C. J. M. Fox, L. Wilson (both of whom had made big scores), and Wright, his total of four wickets being taken at a much lower average cost than was the case with any other bowler on his side.

Physical Recreation

for everybody will always find warm support in these pages, and I know of no better institution than the National Physical Recreation Society, which is instituted on behalf of the working classes. The

Annual Display

of this body commenced on Monday at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, to run through the week; and Colonel G. M. Onslow, the honorary secretary, has succeeded wonderfully in his programme. The presence of the Prince of Wales was, of course, very popular, as was also the presence of a contingent of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade, which is rarely indeed seen on such occasions, and has been enlisted for the purpose of showing

How it is Done,

from the giving of the alarm to the rescue of the inmates of a burning house and the extinction of the fire—a performance which, I will hope, is but a dress rehearsal of every fire that takes place. The operations of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade scarcely come under the head of gymnastics, but no gymnast, whatever his *forte*, wants a cooler head, more undaunted courage, or, at times, greater strength and agility than have to be shown by firemen on duty. This portion of the programme is a very realistic one.

Very remarkable is the performance given by the students of the Royal Normal College and Academy of Music for the Blind. The education of the blind has reached a very high pitch of perfection. Actually the cycling portion of the students came up by road, while cricket for blind persons is an established fact.

Very charming and taking are the exercises by girls, with singing and music, bar-bells, dumb-bells, and clubs being employed, while the Swedish exercises, without implements, were also shown. The ever-popular and pretty evolution known as

The Maze

of course has a place, and there is a considerable amount of gymnastics proper. Then there is sword- and reel-dancing by the Scots Guards and London Scottish, and quarter-staff competitions, pole-jumping by the best men of this or any other time, and, by no means least, in the opinion of a large portion of the onlookers,

Boxing,

for which there are three competitions, the finals being decided to-day, Saturday. The miniature football matches were also an immense success. Altogether, the N.P.R.S. display can take its place with the military tournament and other annual events of a like nature. The society is established solely for the benefit of the public, so it is hoped that the public will always give it all the support it can.

Shinty

is a game that is rarely to be seen in London. Indeed, it is played only by the Camanachd Club on Boxing Day, Easter Monday, and Whit Monday on Wimbledon Common. Camanachd (Gaelic for Shinty) is the father of the hockey that is now being so much played in England, and good shinty is not very much unlike good hockey. The Scots are wiser than we are, and use a ball of worsted that is not dangerous, as is the cricket ball which is employed at hockey, and which, sooner or later, will bring about some fearful accident. Though made of worsted, the ball can be driven a considerable distance—quite as far as the necessities of the game render desirable. I saw some splendid young Highlanders—ay, and old ones too—playing on Wimbledon Common on Monday, and I saw them and their lasses also dance the Reel of Tulloch to the strains of the bagpipe—for there were three pipers on the ground. Very pleasant it is to see the Highlander keeping alive his national game and dances in his far-off home in the South. There is no prettier dance than the Reel of Tulloch, but it wants the bagpipes.

T. T. Pitman, the Sandhurst athlete, will, after all, be a competitor at the athletic championship meeting in July. BANSHEE.

Electric-lighting makes slow but sure progress in London. One of the latest editions to the attractions of London streets by night is the singularly effective horseshoe of electric lights exhibited outside the Horseshoe Restaurant in the Tottenham Court-road. This is the invention of a rising young firm of electrical engineers of considerable resource, Messrs. Frank Suter and Co., 276, Strand.

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(1,000,000)

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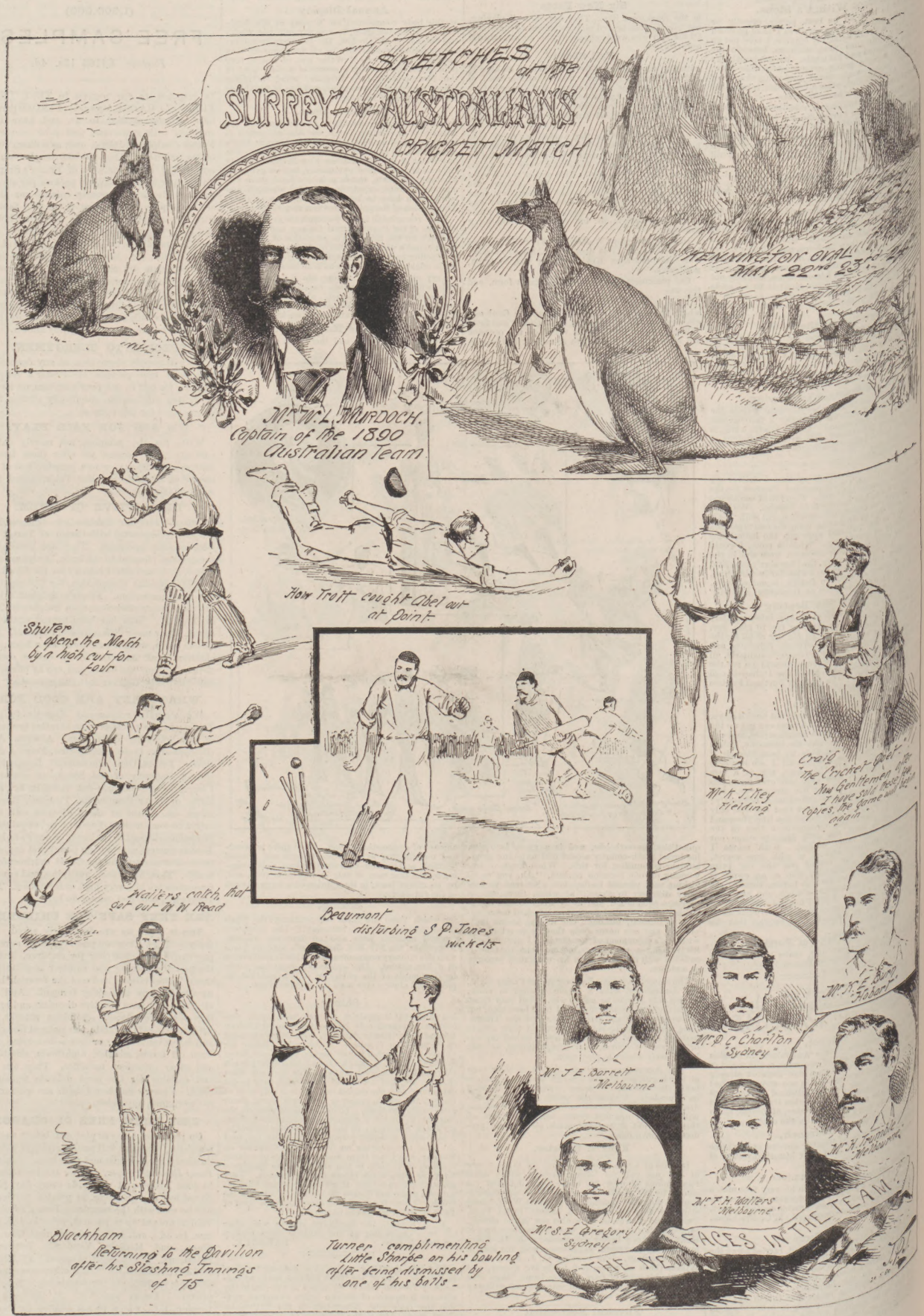

FIRST ANGLO-AUSTRALIAN CRICKET MATCH OF THE SEASON IN LONDON.—[SEE "THE WORLD OF PASTIME."]

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

THE only thing talked about in London just now is the engagement of Mr. Stanley, the brave explorer of the Dark Continent, to

Miss Dorothy Tennant,

the charming and clever artist, whose delineations of street arabs are so familiar to us all in the picture galleries. As a sympathetic writer in our contemporary the *Lady's Pictorial* remarks: "The one thing needful to complete the interest of the public in the intrepid, iron-willed explorer has now been supplied. With all Mr. Stanley's heroism and perseverance, it was impossible not to feel that the one touch of nature which makes the whole world kin' was lacking. But now this is all changed. The heart which, upon Stanley's own admission, has been vacant for twenty years, has at last found a *tenant*—if one may be permitted a feeble pun—and the romance of his life is rounded off in a fashion delightfully appropriate enough to satisfy the most sentimental admirer of the great explorer." But, even now that all is bright-ness and joy about the brave lover and his bride-elect, we cannot forget what she must have suffered in the safe shelter of

Her English Home

during those awful weeks of uncertainty about Stanley's safety which we remember so well. Rumours of his death reached us from time to time, and, when we all felt that another brave life had been wrecked in the gloom of the Dark Continent, we must not the woman who loved him have gone through? Surely those beautiful lines of

Mrs. Browning—

And is this like Love, to stand
With no help in my hand,
Pale, strong as Death,
While one would watch about thee?

have been on her lips. It is said that the most romantic and interesting marriage will take place at

Westminster Abbey

before the end of the season; but whether the bride Mrs. Stanley will accompany her husband, when he returns to Africa, or whether he will remain in England to enjoy the sweets of domestic life, remains to be seen.

Fashionable Costumes.

What girl or woman is not interested in a wedding? Wedding-costumes being ever super-latively attractive, I depart from my custom of describing the latest fashions at the leading theatres and have the privilege, with the gracious consent of the Editor of the *Lady's Pictorial*, to offer you a typical number of beautiful dresses sketched for that popular paper at the recent wedding of the Hon. Alice M. Fraser, second daughter of the late Lord Lovat, to the Hon. Bernard C. Maxwell, brother of Lord Herries. It was a delightful wedding, at St. Mary's Chapel, Eskdale. Charming was the bride, attired in a gown of rich white brocht, ornamented with orange-blossoms; the bodice draped with mousseline de chiffon and lace; her ornaments being an exquisite diamond spray and three diamond stars, the gift of Lord Lovat,

FASHIONABLE WEDDING AND BRIDESMAID DRESSES, AND DINNER COSTUME.

and a string of pearls, the present of the happy bridegroom. The bridesmaids were captivating in piquant costumes of white crêpon, trimmed green velvet, with green Zouave jackets and scarves of the Fraser tartan. Their hats were embellished with ostrich-feathers and a spray of yew—the badge of the Frasers. They also wore brooches of diamond and coral, holly leaves and berries, the bridegroom's gift. One of the bride's dinner dresses is also sketched. It is sweetly simple and becoming. Of deep yellow silk, it is brocaded with satin; the side draped in an original way with crêpe de Chine. The bodice is also of crêpe de Chine and brocade, ornamented with gold passementerie.

I should like to interest my readers, or some of them at least, in a most useful association, called the

"Factory Helpers' Union."

It will scarcely be believed that there are in this great city of London alone more than two hundred thousand women and girls who make their living by working in factories and laundries. Two hundred thousand! Many of these women are, of course, married, and many of them, alas! are in feeble health; and yet they have to toil on from Monday morning early, until late on Saturday night. But it is the very young girls who deserve the most pity. It is an awful thing for a girl never to have any pleasure in her life; and for that reason, if for no other, the Factory Helpers' Union deserves support and sympathy. The object, or perhaps I ought to say

The Principal Object,

of the association is to try and stand between these girls and the many hundred difficulties and dangers to which they are exposed. Three clubs, or what are called "Evening Homes," have been opened under the management of the "union," and in these homes the girls can spend a happy evening with games, musical drill, and such like; while those who are so disposed can learn

Reading and Writing,

cooking, singing, and dressmaking. Classes are held for all the above, and there are also a Holiday Club and Clothing Club, from both of which considerable benefit is derived by the girls. The President of the Factory Helpers' Union is Lady Kennard, and the smallest contributions in money, books, furniture, or

Games

will be gladly received by the treasurer, at 7, Connaught-place, W.

Everyone knows, although some few old-fashioned people refuse to admit, that there are now a great many things women can do very well indeed. I have myself always held to the opinion that a woman's chief business in the world is to be the helper, not the rival, of man. She can give love, sympathy, and appreciation, and she need not think these are poor and feeble gifts, for they are very much the reverse; and she may be quite sure that, the greater the man, the more he will crave for the appreciation of

A Sympathetic Woman.

I confess I am sorry to see the marked tendency there seems to be in women of the present day to stand alone; but I suppose they are driven to it, poor things! I started by saying how many things there were now which

Women can Do

very well indeed; and among these things is speaking in public. If our great-grandmothers could look out of their graves, how astonished they would be to see young women standing upon a public platform and addressing a large audience of men and women! The largest audience I ever saw addressed by a woman was at

Princes' Hall

on the afternoon of May 19. It was on the occasion of the Annual Meeting of the Grand Council of the Primrose League. Perhaps some of the women of my world belong to the Primrose League. I do not; so I can speak without prejudice. Well, at this meeting several ladies spoke; and among them was

The Countess of Jersey.

She is a first-rate speaker. Perfectly self-possessed, and never at a loss for a word, but with nothing bold or aggressive in her manner, she said what she had to say admirably; and, although I do not particularly care to hear women "orating" in public about politics, I could not help feeling that she was worthy of admiration. She was never unwomanly; that is the great point.

From politics to powders seems rather a jump; but, now that we may expect a little

Hot Weather,

I want to tell you of some nice stuff to put into your bath. I remember a long time ago I recommended a little ammonia, and it is very refreshing; but as it does not suit all skins, let me recommend for

Softening Water,

and for cleansing purposes generally, a harmless Persian powder called "Serailine." You can get it in small boxes at 54, Piccadilly. I know a great many people say, "Oh, I hate everything of that kind. Soap and water are good enough for me," and they are right, if only they could get nice soft water; but there are skins so delicate that soap and hard water together simply ruin them. This powder I recommend is, however, simply for the bath.

National Silk Exhibition.

Royalty favoured the concluding day of the above exhibition, held at the town residence, St. James's-square, of Lord Egerton of Tatton. The exhibition, which has been highly successful, will doubtless have the desired effect of stimulating our home silk industry, for many years in a languishing condition. The specimens of home-produced silks shown by the various well-known firms were excellent in character. My attention was especially drawn to the exhibit of the London and Provincial Dye Works, whose chief West-end branch is at 18, High-street, Notting-hill, who showed some exquisite samples of silk fabrics dyed by their new process, which, in addition to the great advantage of producing the most delicate shades, does not depreciate the fabric, while the colours are fast.

When you go to the Academy Exhibition look out for a funny little picture by a lady artist called "Tit-Bits." I should not wonder if we saw it reproduced in some of our Christmas numbers. Not this year perhaps; for I believe Christmas numbers are being got ready now.

MARGUERITE.

PARIS PICTURE SHOWS.

BY A CANDID CRITIC.

LETTER FIRST.

WHAT a contrast between Paris as it was last summer and Paris as it is now! For my part, I like it best in its comparative quiet. In the first place, you can get a room in a hotel for a decent price, and you are not ruined every time you go into a restaurant. You run some chance of finding a seat in trams and busses, and in the streets you are not for ever pursued by men and women selling Exhibition tickets. And, though everyone tells you the town has not for years been so dull at this season, Paris at its dullest seems to the Londoner delightfully bright and gay.

Even the old Exhibition grounds at the Champ de Mars are, I think, pleasanter this year. The Eiffel Tower still stands, waiting for those who care to make the ascent; the main buildings have not been removed; and the gardens just now are very charming, with the rhododendrons and may-trees in full bloom. Then, too, in the old Palais des Beaux-Arts, in the galleries where was held that wonderful show of the French art of a hundred years, there is, this May, the New Salon to attract visitors.

Everyone knows how, last winter, differences unfortunately arose among French artists, causing the secession from the ranks of exhibitors at the Old Salon on the Champs Elysées of almost all the most famous painters in France. The consequence was a new society of artists, and the opening this month of another large exhibition, there having been hitherto but one every spring in Paris.

At the Old Salon, the schism, though in one way its results are very keenly felt, has made absolutely no reduction in the crowds who visit it. Indeed, I believe this year the number of visitors has, so far, been larger than last. In the afternoons, when the admission is one franc (it is two in the mornings and five on Fridays), there are really too many people for comfort—that is, if

you have come to look at the pictures. And on Sunday afternoons, when there is no charge for admission, the most sensible thing to do is to sit down on the first chair or bench you can find and watch the crowd. About four o'clock you can scarcely make your way through the galleries. Family parties come and establish themselves in little groups; you see soldiers—the disorderly little red-trousered soldiers of France—priests in their cassocks and broad-brimmed hats, nurses with their white caps and long flowing ribbons, men and women of every class and age. It is a sight that makes one wonder why long since, here in London, the Royal Academy has not been thrown open in the same way on Sunday afternoons. One is always hearing the same old story about the indifference of the English people to art; but, if they were given the same chances as the French, there is not much doubt that they would soon show the same appreciation.

It is in the pictures that the Old Salon suffers by the loss of many of the men whose work has in the past been its chief glory. There are few paintings of note, though, taken altogether, the average of merit is very much higher than it is with us. You notice this at once. You feel that the French artist, even when he has nothing original to say for himself in paint, has greater command over the technical requirements of his profession than the Englishman. You also feel how very strong has been the influence of Manet and Monet, two men who a few years ago were ridiculed on every side, but who have by the strength and individuality of their work not only compelled the respect of the public, but forced their fellow-artists to the study of those problems the solution of which they were among the first to seek.

On every side are pictures in which the artist has endeavoured to record his impressions of sunlight and open-air effects. This endeavour is really the most characteristic feature of the exhibition. But clever and successful as the results often are, few are notable for originality of vision or treatment. One of the most satisfactory experiments of this nature is a huge canvas by Henri Martin, compared to which Mr. Dicksee's "Tannhäuser" and Mr. John Collier's "Cleopatra" at the Academy seem quite small. It represents the entry of President Carnot into Agen; he sits in an open carriage, drawn up in the middle of the street, while two little girls present him and Madame Carnot with flowers, and the crowd looks on from every side; it is evidently noon on a hot summer day, and the street with its tall white houses is simply flooded with sunlight. The whole effect is wonderfully bright.

Another of the very large noteworthy canvases is by Jules Lefebvre, and has for subject the Coventry legend of Lady Godiva. With her hands crossed on her breast, her lilac drapery falling from her, she sits on a white horse led by one of her women attendants. In the narrow street, with the overhanging storeys almost meeting overhead, not another soul is stirring, not a face is seen, not a window is open. But somehow, though the spirit of the story is faithfully preserved, the picture is uninteresting in its academic correctness.

THE *Medical Annual* advises Practitioners to remember that when recommending Cocoa as a food and beverage for invalids, the name CADBURY on any packet of Cocoa is a guarantee of purity.—[ADVT.]

THE "WILD EAST" IN WEST LONDON.

THE bright realisation of the Champs Elysées, the gay music of the beplumed band in the garden promenade, the "Montagnes Russes," the stirring strains of Dan Godfrey's and of the Red Hungarian instrumentalists, the vivacious Variety show in the Louvre Theatre, and the picturesque "Wild East" evolutions, afforded abundant amusement to many thousands of visitors to the French Exhibition at West Brompton on Whit Monday, when the resources of those indefatigable caterers Messrs. Bertram were taxed to the uppermost, and the smiles of genial Mr. Tom Burnside broadened as the people trooped in more and more thickly. It is the liveliest part of the "Wild East" performance in the large "Buffalo Bill" enclosure that a *P.I.P.* Artist sketches. These bronzed Arabs in their flowing white robes are interesting to watch, even when no set performance is going on. Part and parcel of the Algerian scene painted as a background are the Arab houses that have been built up. Therein may be seen the Arab girls dancing in their peculiar way to the monotonous music of the pipe and tabor; while, under a canopy, another group of Arabs will be observed conjuring or lazing away the time in a congenial fashion. The Arab host will presently be largely increased. Meantime, life in the desert is represented by the formation and surprise of a camp, by exciting horsemanship and shooting of the kind depicted, and by a variety of manœuvres and races, including a contest between the Chief Larbi Ben Kess Kess on an Arab steed and a Chasseur d'Afrique on an English horse. Wonderful progress has been made with the French Exhibition itself, which is now quite attractive. Brébant promises to provide a French Restaurant of the first order when completed.

THE "WILD EAST" AT THE FRENCH EXHIBITION IN LONDON.—SKETCHED BY A P.I.P. ARTIST.

M. Victorien Sardou, the distinguished French dramatist, has recovered his health, we are happy to learn. He has left Paris for his charming summer residence at Marly-le-Roi. There he is putting the finishing touches on his new play for Sarah Bernhardt, "Cléopâtre," the death of which Egyptian siren is so powerfully depicted by the Hon. John Collier in the Royal Academy.

TAKING NO RISKS.

PORTSMOUTH SOLDIERS' INSTITUTE.

VISITORS to the exceedingly interesting Military Exhibition at Chelsea not only find stirring music to charm their senses, and Battle Pictures by Caton Woodville and other masters to appeal to their patriotism, but they have the satisfaction of knowing that Major Malet's excellent show will materially aid a praiseworthy charity—the fund for promoting Soldiers' Institutes.

It is well known that, for seventeen years past, by the devoted and unwearied exertions of a benevolent and patriotic lady, who began her labours for the benefit of our soldiers in 1862, at different home barracks and camps of troops during autumn manœuvres, an institution has existed at Portsmouth of which we now present some Illustrations. Miss Sarah Robinson, though she was, from before her commencement of this work, a lifelong invalid with an incurable spinal disease, has often travelled about to solicit aid for her generous undertakings, to which, in 1879, she added an establishment for sailors, "The Welcome," near the gates of Portsmouth Dockyard.

It was in 1874 that, with funds raised by donations and subscriptions — herself contributing £2000—she purchased the old Fountain Hotel, in High-street, Portsmouth, and buildings adjacent, and fitted up the Institute for Soldiers of the British Army and Sailors of the Royal Navy, who now have two separate institutes, each affording the conveniences and advantages of a club. This is combined with a shelter for the wives and families of men embarking or disembarking from the troop-ships, and for widows and orphans, personally superintended by Miss Robinson and her lady assistants, residing there at their own expense. The Soldiers' Institute contains a library and reading-room, class-rooms for studies, a large concert-hall or lecture-hall, a billiard-room, and rooms and grounds for other games, a skittle-alley, garden, baths, lavatory, refreshment-bar (temperance) and coffee-room, bedrooms for single men and for family men, luggage-rooms, and other apartments.

Our Illustrations of the Soldiers' Institute show the comfortable well-furnished reading-room in which men can find quiet recreation; the pleasant lounge on the roof of one of the halls, provided with garden-seats, from which they can view the ships passing up and down, or smoke a pipe on a summer's evening; also a meeting of wives at Eastney, presided over by Miss Robinson or a helper; and, lastly, the coffee-shed, from which the cold and weary troops could, on embarking or disembarking, procure a cup of the warming but not inebriating beverage. We will further observe that the Institute, with its varied work, is supported by voluntary contributions, which are earnestly desired, and will be gladly received by Miss Sarah Robinson, the founder and conductor, at Portsmouth.

Prince and Princess Bismarck are expected to leave Friedrichsruh about the middle of June for England, where the ex-Chancellor purposes making a stay of several weeks.

TOBACCONISTS COMMENCING.—See Illus. Guide, 229 pages (3 stamps), "How to Commence."—Tobacconists' Outfitting Co., Reg., 186, Euston-road, London.—[ADVT.]

LIVER COMPLAINTS.—Dr. King's Dandelion and Quinine Liver Pills, without Mercury, remove Liver Complaints, Biliousness, Headache, Indigestion, Constipation.—[ADVT.]

From Potsdam we learn with regret that Emperor William distorted his right knee in a carriage accident on Sunday. His Majesty is unable to attend the festival of the Infantry Battalion on Monday.

TO CURE SKIN DISEASES.—Sulpholine Lotion drives out all eruptions, pimples, blotches, redness, and discolorations, leaving a clear, spotless skin. Bottles, everywhere.—[ADVT.]

BOOK LOVERS' GOSSIP.

Bret Harte.

[illegible] have come under my notice this [illegible] I scarcely know where to begin. But first [illegible] a novel which has given me a great [illegible]. The author is Bret Harte. Many [illegible] Bret Harte be a *nom de guerre*, or, as [illegible] a pen-name. Nothing of the sort. [illegible] Harte he was christened, and so he has [illegible] dropping only the abandonment of the [illegible] final "t," of the second name. In [illegible] fifteen years old, he went gold-digging to [illegible] following this up by school-teaching and [illegible] writing. He commenced literature in a very [illegible] while a compositor for the *Golden Era*, [illegible] weekly of the San Francisco branch [illegible] first gave him leisure, and he [illegible] this delightful ballads and comic verses [illegible] Monthly" published the "Luck of Roaring [illegible] Condensed Novels." In 1868 the *Overland Monthly*, [illegible] way, asks a recent biographer, did Harte [illegible] best work in California, and "fall off" [illegible] removed to the Eastern States of the [illegible]. The answer is that he did not fall off [illegible] she [illegible] before me is a disproof [illegible]

"A Waif of the Plains" [illegible], 3s. 6d.) is as good a story as one could wish to read. The hero and heroine are mere children; but what of that? Bret Harte has thrown so much of human interest into their lives that no adult reader will fail to be interested. The story opens with Clarence Brant and his companion Snay getting down in childish frolic from a caravan which is winding its way over the dreary western wastes. How the caravan was attacked by Indians and all its occupants scalped, how the children were saved, and the story of their after-adventures, with buffalo hunts and other excitements, I must leave readers to discover for themselves. TATLER.

LEGAL COLUMN

[*"Lex" will be happy to answer simple questions of Law put to him concisely by readers of "The Penny Illustrated Paper."*]

BILLS OF SALE.

Few things have caused more modern litigation than bills of sale, and questions affecting the rights and liabilities under these documents are constantly arising.

A bill of sale is usually an assignment or mortgage of furniture or other goods. It does not include assignments for the benefit of creditors, or marriage settlements, or mortgage of freehold or leasehold houses or land, nor can a bill of sale include any fixtures except trade machinery. A hire agreement, where goods are removed from the shop of lender to house of the borrower, is not a bill of sale.

A bill of sale may be either an absolute transfer of chattels or a mortgage. Absolute transfers, not being marriage settlements, must be, to be valid, accompanied by a transfer of possession. A sale which is nominal and a hiring by the vendor again of goods he has sold is an evasion of the law, and void, if there is not a bonâ-fide sale. This article deals with what are called "conditional bills of sale"—i.e. mortgages of chattels: for example, furniture to secure a loan of money; and throughout this article the words "bill of sale" must be understood as used in that sense.

No person can give a bill of sale excepting in respect of chattels of which he is the sole absolute owner. If, for example, he has furniture on hire agreement, he cannot give a bill of sale upon that. Nor can a valid bill of sale be given upon such things as stock in trade, which, of course, is constantly changing; or upon after-acquired property not then belonging to the borrower. Every bill of sale must have schedule giving exactly the descriptions of the goods included in it. No valid bill of sale can now be given for less than £30.

The Acts of Parliament relating to bills of sale are those of 1878 and 1882. By the Act of 1882 every bill of sale must be in a certain prescribed form, given in the Schedule to that Act, and it is of great importance that that form be not altered. Many bills of sale have been rendered void because of some variation in the form, or because some other thing, such as an interest in land, has been included. In fact, there is no instrument which is more technical and difficult to prepare than a bill of sale. Unless a bill of sale is in exactly the right form it is void. It must set forth the names of the grantor—i.e. the borrower—and the grantee—i.e. the lender, and the consideration, i.e. the amount of the advance. It must be signed by the grantor and attested by a witness, who must add his name, address, and description. This witness has to make an affidavit, describing exactly the name and address of the borrower and witness, and stating when the bill of sale was executed. This affidavit, with a copy of the bill of sale, has to be filed ("registered") within seven days from the date of the bill of sale, which, meanwhile, must be stamped. If the bill of sale continues for more than five years, it has to be again registered. The registration takes place at the office of the Royal Courts of Justice, London, and any person can, on payment of one shilling, search and see the copy bills of sale there. It is also the custom of numerous companies and trade organisations to take copies of the list of registered bills of sale, and send them to their subscribers. It is therefore important, for commercial people especially, to avoid as far as possible giving a bill of sale, as it is sure to injure the credit of the person who gives it if engaged in business. The stamps on filling a copy bill of sale and the affidavit are 2s. for each document.

The cases in which the holder of a bill of sale may seize the goods, and other points connected with bills of sale, must be discussed in a future article.

ANSWERS.

Heal.—You seem to have had no definite arrangement whatever with the tenant, but, as eventually he began to pay his rent quarterly, we think you would be justified in insisting on his being at least a quarterly tenant, if not a yearly one.

A Subscriber.—A shareholder in a joint stock company does not cease to be liable to pay calls upon the shares until one year after registration of the transfer, if the company should go into liquidation meanwhile. Of course the directors cannot sue the former shareholder, provided the transfer has been duly made and registered, and, if one year goes by without liquidation, the former shareholder is safe. Otherwise on default by the purchaser of shares in paying calls the liquidator can, for debts prior to transfer, sue the vendor of the shares for calls. LEX.

MICHAEL EYRAUD.

The talk of Paris is the recent arrest of Eyraud, the man accused of the barbarous murder of M. Gouffé, in league with Gabrielle Bompard. He was staying at the Hôtel de Rome in Havana, under the name of Michael Doski, and gave himself out as a native of Poland. The French Consul had been informed of his arrival five days previously, and was searching for him. On being captured, Eyraud attempted to commit suicide by breaking his eyeglass and cutting the veins in his arm and leg. He suffered great loss of blood, but is likely to recover. Already £2700 has been spent in searching for him and in getting up evidence.

Michael Eyraud is the son of an innkeeper at St. Etienne, who made lucky speculations, became wealthy, bought a château, and gave his children a good education. Michael had the gift of tongues, and speaks Spanish, English, and Italian. On leaving school he ran into debt. The father quarrelling with him, he went to Spain, and has ever since led an unsettled life, sometimes flourishing, sometimes on the verge of bankruptcy, and once a bankrupt. His wife belonged to a rich family, and is esteemed. Eyraud fell in with Gabrielle Bompard in a haunt of vice, where she had been thrown by the young man with whom she eloped from a convent school near Lille. He took her out of it, presumably with the intention of getting her to entice M. Gouffé into the trap he is charged with having laid for him. M. Gouffé was a *huissier*, or half attorney half process-server, and an unscrupulous person. He made a fortune by shady practices, in which Laune and Eyraud were sleeping partners. Gouffé had in his possession, it is alleged, papers which placed them in his power. Gabrielle Bompard

MICHAEL EYRAUD.
Arrested at Havana for the Murder of M. Gouffé, in Paris.

is rather pretty, clever, and well educated, and light as a bird in her motions. Eyraud introduced her to Gouffé, of whom she made a conquest.

Eyraud's object, according to Gabrielle, was to get the keys of Gouffé's office and of his desks, and take from them the compromising and other papers and a large sum of money which he knew the sheriff's officer had just received. His plan was, on making that haul, to stay in Paris, but he feared detection, and so went to California last autumn to set up a distillery. Be this as it may, Gouffé went one evening last July to visit Gabrielle, and Eyraud, who was behind them, concealed by a curtain, slipped the noose he had prepared round his neck and pulled him up, but the hook that supported the rope giving way he had to struggle him with his hands. He and Gabrielle then stripped the corpse, thrust it in the sack, and put it in a trunk. Eyraud then took Gouffé's keys and left his accomplice alone with the corpse. He next day came and fetched her and it to Lyons, whence he drove ten miles out to a wood in the country, and, after breaking up the trunk, threw the corpse in the sack down a roadside railway cutting into a thicket, where it remained six weeks. It will be remembered how Eyraud, owing to the trunk bought in the Euston-road, was traced to Gower-street, London, and then all clue to him was lost, and how Gabrielle suddenly turned up a few months ago to denounce him. Eyraud's arrest continues to be the event of events.

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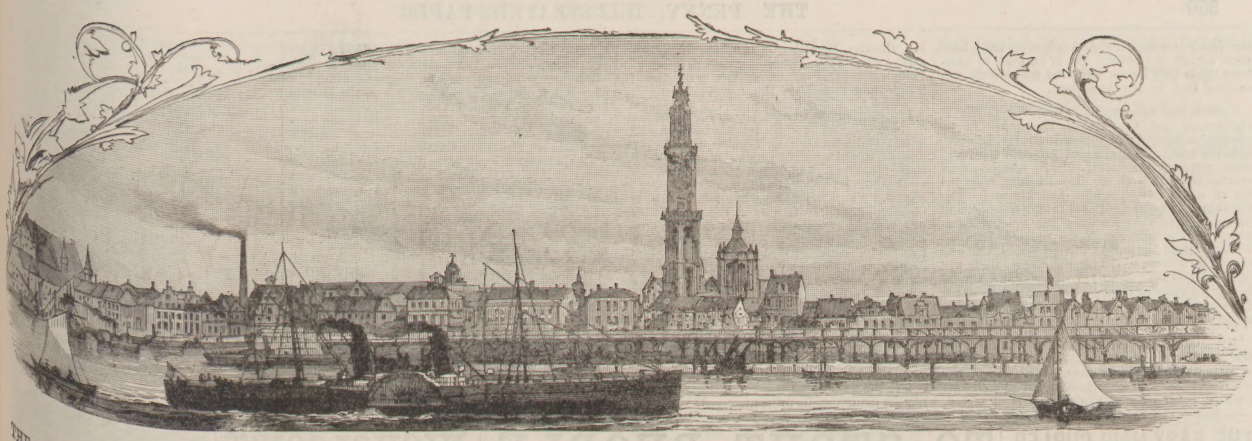

A TRIP TO BELGIUM: ARRIVAL AT ANTWERP BY THE HARWICH BOAT.

THE GREAT CITIES OF THE WORLD.

ANTWERP.—I.

(By Our Own Roving Commissioner.)

A Trip to Antwerp

will prove a pleasant eye-opener to any British holiday-maker. Grace to the admirable arrangements of the Great Eastern Railway Company we land and by sea, the passage from Liverpool-street to Antwerp and Brussels, and back, is rendered most comfortable and speedy. Very excellent boats running from Harwich by the new route have much pleasure in describing the salient features of Antwerp, of Brussels, and of other interesting towns in Belgium. It saves a world of trouble, let me premise, to buy your travelling tickets beforehand of the renowned tourists agents, Thomas Cook and Son, of Ludgate-circus.

* * * *

Antwerp, the Liverpool of Belgium, lies on the right bank of the river Scheldt, sixty miles from the sea, and owes its importance and greatness to that magnificent stream. Antwerp

Boasts a History

dating from the fourth century, but it became really famous in the days of Saxon settlers two centuries later. Those fond of historical research will find the annals of the town most interesting, its many vicissitudes most instructive. Historians called Antwerp "the eighth wonder of the world" in the year 837. In the fourteenth century it had attained very large dimensions: but Spanish invasions reduced it greatly, and in 1648 the cruel Treaty of Münster, which closed the Scheldt to navigation, destroyed it entirely. Whatever may be the faults of Napoleon I., the Antwerp people owe him a debt of deep gratitude. In reviving the commerce of Antwerp, in supplying it with a magnificent dock, quays, and arsenals, Napoleon had a combined ulterior political aims—aims strongly antagonistic to England. But Antwerp was to be the benefit, and Napoleon no longer had the power to attempt his mischievous design of invading England from the seas by the fleet of powerful men-of-war which were to be built at Antwerp.

The Population of Antwerp,

which has grown from 125,000 in 1568 had dwindled down, by 1700, to about 40,000, numbers now about 200,000. Its shipping is immense, no less than the number of vessels of 5,658,900 tons, having entered the harbour in 1887. About thirty years ago the city's superficial area was 200 hectares; it has now 1000 hectares—about seven square miles. The development of the railway system throughout Belgium was another important factor in the commerce of Antwerp, which is, as we have said, a most flourishing city.

On Landing

from the Harwich boat you find yourself in the midst of the greatest bustle. The noise of the trains of thousands of steam-whistles, of the hundreds of goods-waggons, drawn up on the quays, loading or unloading by means of cranes direct into and from the steamers alongside the quays, where the water is of a depth even at low tide, of forty-nine feet, according to soundings. It is certainly not diminished by the shouting of porters, waggoners, cabmen, and the crowd of the quays and the adjoining streets. The pulse of a thriving and flourishing commercial and industrial emporium, one of the largest ports and the Continent of Europe, is very hard. The Babel of tongues one hears on the quays gives them an International character, the rest of the city has purely

Flemish Features.

This seems but natural: about 59 per cent. of the population not only are Flemish, but proud of themselves Flemish, and by preference speak the language, which is hardly much like that of the Dutch, and greatly resembles the German, showing the Saxon origin of all. Those who have been in Germany or Holland must be struck by the similarity of many of the characteristics of Antwerp. There are the

Gabled Houses

and the narrow and crooked streets in the old quarters of the town. In these quarters, also, you cannot help being vividly reminded of the fact that you are in a Roman Catholic country. Almost every corner of a street has niches with images of a saint or of the Virgin, and these are also often found in the streets themselves. With the disappearance of the old fortifications, the aspect of the town underwent a grand transfiguration. The dismantled ramparts and the moats filled up with earth have been transformed into exquisite boulevards for pleasant promenades, which are skirted by beautiful buildings. In all directions new town quarters have arisen, with

Broad and Straight Streets.

The tramways are not wanting, and communication by them or by cab is very easy, and not dear. From an

Artistic Point of View,

Antwerp offers much that is interesting. There are many witnesses of a glorious past to be found in the magnificent ancient public buildings in the Flemish style, and the style of Flemish Renaissance in red brick with white facings is also predominating in the modern structures. The Hôtel de Ville, the Steen, the Maison Hanséatique, Rubens's House, the Bourse, the churches are all magnificent specimens of architecture; and their interiors are rich in the most valuable works of art and the paintings of the great Flemish masters.

Of Sailors

there are plenty about town; but you have, no doubt, seen Dutch, German, and French tars in London, and it is no use describing them. But if you wish to get an idea of them you will have to follow me into one or several of those dens where Jack has a dance with some of the lively or gay damsels. It is not a very edifying sight, but it should be viewed. Much pleasanter is it to behold the pretty peasant maidens and women in

The Market-Place

selling their wares. Fresh-looking they are, with their ruddy cheeks, their rich, mostly fair, hair, cut short up to the middle of the head, and curled and parted on the temples and on the brow, topped by a white net cap. The young peasants are really charming creatures.

Curious things are the carts or barrows on which milkmen and bread-sellers carry their wares. These barrows are mostly

Drawn by Dogs.

I have often seen four of these animals dragging along one barrow. They—the salesmen—bestir themselves betimes in the morning—in the winter before daybreak—to deliver bread, milk, &c., to their customers. Hucksters with other wares, such as butter, eggs, potatoes, crabs, shrimps, cheese, bacon, &c.—some, of course, without barrows, but obliged to carry their goods—are going about calling out aloud what they have to sell, and it is wonderful how often one hears them call out "Mossele" (mussels), a favourite morsel of all the Antwerp people.

The visitor will find excellent

Hotel Accommodation

and very good restaurants in Antwerp—for my part, I always choose the Hôtel St. Antoine, Place Verte; Restaurant Bertrand, Place de Meir, and if they continue to treat me as they always have done they will never lose my custom. Talking of hotels, it is interesting to be at the table d'hôte on a Friday. All those who do not eat meat on that day sit on one side of the table, the others on the other, to avoid confusion, for there are then, accordingly, two different bills of fare; and a menu of the anti-meat diners is not to be despised: they are supplied with a variety of dainties.

THE GREAT CYCLE MEETING OF THE CATFORD CYCLE CLUB AT PADDINGTON RECREATION GROUNDS: START FOR HEAT FIRST OF THE QUARTER-MILE "SAFETY."

From a Photograph taken for the P.I.P. by Mr. William Mountain, 211, Clapham-road.

I DID not get off for a tour this Whitsuntide, but I hope most of my readers were more fortunate. For the country is at its prettiest just now. I thought, the other day, coming up by train from Folkestone, that I had never seen the spring flowers so brilliant nor the meadows so radiant in their early summer freshness. The roads, too, are in good condition: later on, if the season is dry, they get very loose and lusty.

One of the most interesting places for cyclists to visit at present is the Military Exhibition out at Chelsea. Several of the leading manufacturers have sent their war-cycles, and these include one or two novelties. Humber and Co., who have taken over Sergeant Watkins's patents, have an ingenious ambulance stretcher which depends from the rods of Watkins's patent which couple together two safeties. The machines themselves are fitted up with rifles, ammunition bags, and leather buckets to hold, on one side the coupling rods, on the other the signal flagstaff.

Hillman, Herbert, and Cooper are showing their safety which has been adopted by the Royal Marines at Walmer, and the tricycle ridden by their officer, Major Edye. Of these we have already published photographs. There are also the "Swift" safety of the Coventry Machinists' Company, the Bicyclette of the Rudge Cycle Company, a tricycle of the same makers, and a tricycle made by Hillman, Herbert, and Co., all fitted with the necessary carriers and clips for arms and ammunition. They make a very interesting study for whoever has given the least attention to military cycling, since in the last two or three years war-cycles, thanks to

the many manœuvres and experiments, have been almost perfected. It is curious to contrast those in Chelsea with the first shown, not so long ago, at the Aquarium.

Cyclists are very jubilant over the fact that the Prince and Princess of Wales are to be present at a cycle race meeting early in July. It is the first time the Royal sanction has thus been given to the sport, though one has constantly heard that all the Royal family, from the Queen down, ride tricycles and bicycles. The meeting is to be at the Paddington Grounds, and its object is to raise funds for the much-talked-about Polytechnic for North-western London. I hear that all the cracks will probably ride, and that to do honour to the Royal presence there will be absolutely no "loafing." This is as it should be. If a Prince or Princess could only be secured for every meeting, cycle racing would again be made worth seeing.

Mr. Mountain's photograph, reproduced on the preceding page, presents a faithful picture of a start for a cycle race. It is one of the events of the colossal meeting of the recent Catford Bridge Cycle Club that is depicted. Mr. Charles P. Sisley is the hon. secretary of this active club, whose great gathering at Paddington was sketched last week by the "lightning artist" of the *P.I.P.*

Preparations have been begun for the summer cycling camps. Mr. M. D. Rucker, one of the most popular cyclists in London, is to be president of the Harrogate Camp. But, for the first time, Mr. Scarlett-Thomson will not be president of the Southern Counties Camp, he having resigned. The latter camp will again be held near Godalming, and I understand the track is being put in good order for the race meeting on the August Bank Holiday. All those who want to live under canvas for a few days during the greatest heat of the summer should write to the secretary, Mr. A. Thompson, 95, High-street, Putney.

The Club House on Queen Anne's-gate is gradually being made ready. Rules have been drawn up, which, judging from the preliminary proof sent me, promise to be very satisfactory. The club, however, will probably not be opened before the middle of the summer, as there still remain many details to be arranged.

Dr. B. W. Richardson's late article about cycling seems to have raised a good deal of indignation among cyclists the world over. In my last *Bicycling World*, the organ of the League of American wheelmen, an editorial is devoted to taking him to task for his theories and suggestions. The writer makes one very sensible remark. "The trouble with alarmists," he says, "is that they do not state things moderately or with a proviso. We, of course, admit that cycling, like all other exercises, is injurious if indulged in to excess, but, on the other hand, the doctor and his co-alarmists must admit that *too much* good roast beef or *too much* fresh air is at times not conducive to the best conditions of health. The ample use of both is health-giving and preserving, but the excessive use of either under many circumstances would cause injurious results." N. C. U.

LIGHTS ON A DARK SUBJECT.

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Holcomb (without hesitation): "We are going to have a new kidney in our church next Sunday."

MAMA (sternly).—"Don't you know that King Solomon said, 'Spare the rod and spoil the child'?"
BOBBY.—"Huh! But he didn't say that after he was growed up."

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Should accept only those which are treated by the PATENT
Cravenette Process
It is the best in the market, superseding all others.

CLOAKS, thus treated, are Rain Repellent, Hygienic, and Inodorous. They have all the advantages without the objectionable features of macintosh and other proofs.
No Lady should be without one.

These Cloaks are the only ones which stood satisfactorily the exceptionally heavy rains of 1888.
The CRAVENETTE process is the only proof which stands successfully the Heavy Rain, and is pronounced by the thinking public to be the only Reliable and really Hygienic proof in the market. All the leading journals are unanimous in its praise.
The unique advantage of the CRAVENETTE system is that every fibre of the material treated by it being completely permeated by the proofing agent, the fabric, while rendered permanently Rain-Repellent, retains its former porous qualities, and admits of the natural and perfect Ventilation.
The most delicate Silks, Fancy Dust Cloaks, Cloths, and the regular Imperial Cloths are all successfully treated in the piece (before making up) **without in any way altering their appearance** or handle.
Every Draper keeps the Cravenette Proofed Cloaks. *Ladies, see that the stamp* "Cravenette," *or the ticket, is on each Cloak, to imitate which is a forgery.*
CAUTION.—India Rubber Waterproofs, however treated, are always objectionable on account of the smell. Cravenette proofed goods are Inodorous.
LADIES finding any difficulty in obtaining the Cravenette Cloaks should apply to THE CRAVENETTE COMPANY, Limited, Patentees and Sole Proprietors, Moss Street, Bradford, Yorkshire, who will gladly forward name of nearest agent.

How to use "ROUGH ON RATS."

Some folks after buying an article will destroy or throw away the directions without reading them. Now and again some such person will say rats won't eat ROUGH ON RATS. Indeed how they used it, it will be found they sprinkled it about, or at most, mixed it with flour, and spread on bread, cut in pieces and laid about; or if he put it on raw meat, cut it in strips and mixed it with dripping; or if he put it on raw fish, cut it in slices and laid about; or if he put it on raw potatoes, cut them in slices and mixed it with grease and meal, and if he covered up or removed other food from the rats, he will probably answer no. Now it's a notorious fact, throughout the world, that which be will probably answer no. Now it's a notorious fact, throughout the world, that ROUGH ON RATS has never been equalled as a rat, mouse, bug, and beetle destroyer, and the cause of any failure is due to the stupid dulness or ignorance of the user in not setting it, rather than the inefficacy of the article. Occasionally you find a few dead ones. If asked if he hears or sees any live ones he says no. Of course you will say the rats eat *some* of the ROUGH ON RATS, but it don't kill enough to matter. If occasionally a few scattering ones are left, set ROUGH ON RATS again, using fresh material to mix it with. ROUGH ON RATS is a slow but sure poison. It is scarce and each and every rat gets the dose set. If a few of them get it, it makes them so thirsty they will leave the premises, and those that do get the dose—in their wild state—will go some distance from the premises before they die. Don't be afraid of the dead rats in the building in search of relief and water, and die or stroll about to convince you. Every time you set or re-set ROUGH ON RATS you will be completely rid of vermin, and it is not necessary that you see any dead ones. Ask a complainer if he tried ROUGH ON RATS mixed with lard, dripping, the leavings of fish, oysters; or if he has mixed it with cheese; or if he has mixed it with grease and meal, cut in pieces and laid about; or if he put it on raw meat, cut in slices and laid about; or if he put it on raw potatoes, cut in slices and mixed it with grease and meal, and if he covered up or removed other food from the rats, and if

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

EPPS'S
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COCOA.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*On Diet, in the "Civil Service Gazette."*

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MADE SIMPLY WITH BOILING WATER OR MILK.

SOLD IN PACKETS, BY GROCERS, LABELLED

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PARTICULARLY CAUTIONED
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GLYCERINE & CUCUMBER

as the wonderful reputation this article has obtained for SOFTENING AND BEAUTIFYING THE SKIN AND COMPLEXION has induced many unprincipled persons to put up numerous preparations which they *call* "Glycerine and Cucumber," but which in reality contain no Cucumber at all, and are often poisonous preparations of lead and other minerals.

It entirely removes and prevents all

ROUGHNESS, REDNESS, SUNBURN, TAN, &c.,

SOON RENDERS THE

SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, AND WHITE,

And preserves it from the effects of exposure to the Sun, Wind, or Hard Water, &c., more effectually than any other known preparation.

No Lady who values her complexion should ever be without it, as it is INVALUABLE at all Seasons for keeping the Skin Soft and Blooming. It is perfectly harmless, and may be applied to the tenderest infant.

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"9, Cardiors-street, Dalling-road, Hammersmith, May 7, 1890.—Dear Sir,—I received the Chain and Seal, also the Watch, and am very pleased with them. Will you send me another Gentleman's Chain and Seal, also the Watch? I enclose Postal Order, 3s. 9d.—Yours, &c., A. SAYERS."

"122, Palace-colliery, Bothwell, May 2, 1890.—Dear Sir, I received the Chain and Watch, and was very pleased with them.—Yours sincerely, GEORGE WILSON."

"Woodfield Lodge, Mount Ephraim-lane, Streatham, January, 1890.—Dear Sir,—I received Chain quite safely, and am very pleased with it, also the Watch. Please send me as soon as possible Lady's Mixed-stone Dress Ring, No. 211, price 2s., as in Catalogue. Hope this one will be as good as the one I had sent on Tuesday. Postal Order enclosed.—Yours truly, CLARA SMITH."

"Church-street, Lumley, March 16, 1888.—Dear Sir,—I write to let you know that I have received the Albert and Watch all safe, and am well pleased with them. I have no more to say at present.—W. TWEEDY."

"Alma-street, Kentish Town, April 27, 1888.—I received Chain and Watch last evening safely, for which receive my best thanks. I am very pleased with both.—W. S."

"36, Warwick-road, Maida-hill, April 23, 1888.—My sister having seen the Chain I purchased from you, she would like one like it. Please send one.—MISS. LEGGATT."

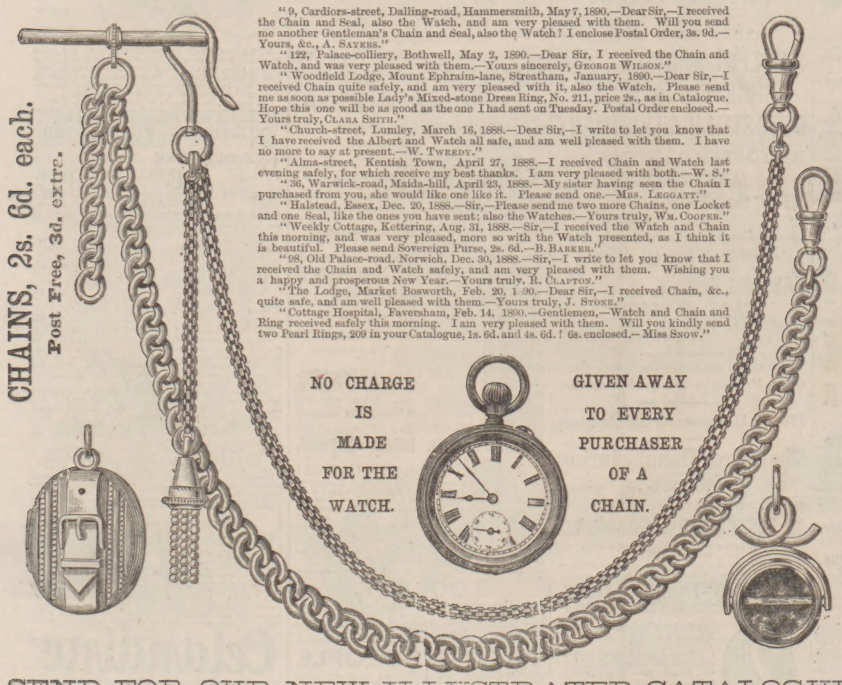
"Halstead, Essex, Dec. 20, 1888.—Sir,—Please send me two more Chains, one Locket and one Seal, like the ones you have sent; also the Watches.—Yours truly, WM. COOPER."

"Weekly Cottage, Kettering, Aug. 31, 1888.—Sir,—I received the Watch and Chain this morning, and was very pleased, more so with the Watch presented, as I think it is beautiful. Please send Sovereign Purse, 2s. 6d.—B. BARKER."

"98, Old Palace-road, Norwich, Dec. 30, 1888.—Sir,—I write to let you know that I received the Chain and Watch safely, and am very pleased with them. Wishing you a happy and prosperous New Year.—Yours truly, R. CLAPTON."

"The Lodge, Market Bosworth, Feb. 20, 1890.—Dear Sir,—I received Chain, &c., quite safe, and am well pleased with them.—YOURS truly, J. STOKE."

"Cottage Hospital, Faversham, Feb. 14, 1890.—Gentlemen,—Watch and Chain and Ring received safely this morning. I am very pleased with them. Will you kindly send two Pearl Rings, 209 in your Catalogue, 1s. 6d. and 4s. 6d.? 6s. enclosed.—Miss SNOW."



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The only perfect substitute yet invented. The new Gold and Diamonds are perfect in every respect, imitating in appearance 18-ct. Gold and Diamonds of first water. Having been tested, we are confident of their wear. Themselves and all Waters, Acids, Alkali, Heat, &c., the Gold being one colour throughout, and beautifully finished. The Stones are set by experienced setters, the latter rendering them equal to the most expensive Diamonds.

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Equals 22-ct., and is stamped; has as good an appearance; answers same purpose; will stand all waters.
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White or Mixed Stones.
Very handsome.
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Diamond and Ruby Eyes. Can be worn by Lady or Gentleman.
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With Polished Buckle.
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Beautifully chased and well finished, equal to one costing 50s.; detection defied. Post-free, 1s. 6d.

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Most fashionable setting (The Jubilee). No more £20 ones required—this is as good. Post-free, 1s. 6d.

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Our latest Design. Can be had in any kind of Stones, Pearls, Corals, Rubies, &c. Style, quality, and economy combined. Post-free, 2s. 6d.

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Very handsome and specially made to wear guaranteed correct one costing £5. Post-free, 1s. 6d.

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"Highbury House, St. Leonards, Jan. 23, 1890.—Dear Sirs,—I thank you very much for the ring you sent me this morning. Your prices are next to nothing, and the articles very handsome.—Yours sincerely, EDWARD J. FOSS."—Gentlemen,—

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